

THE
WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The TATTLERS compos'd by himself,
Together with those written in Conjunction
with Sir RICHARD STEELE.



DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON,
at the Two Bibles in *Essex-Street*. M, DCC, XXIII.

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WORKS

OF THE

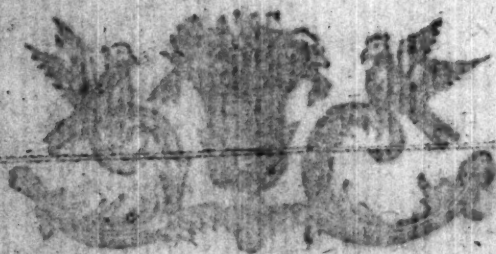
RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON Esq;

Viscount the Fourth

CONTAINING

The TALENTED MEN
Together
With Six



DUBLIN

Printed by and for GEORGE GARRISON
at the Two Bibles in Essex-street. M.DCC.LXXII.

THE
TATTLER,
No. 2. Thursday, May 6, 1709.
LOVER,

AND
WHIG-EXAMINER.

TO DOG it there is now breaking, is
allowed to sell animals there; therefore, if any
Gentleman have occasion for a tame Elephant,
he may purchase it at a reasonable rate. And, I do not
doubt but quite find the price of this noble Creature, as
well as of many other curiosities of nature. A Tiger
will sell as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly
informed, a man may purchase a Cow with three legs;
for

which, that there is a great quantity among the gen-
tlemen & ladies who have the ornaments of the
house, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the Ho-
nour being most of them pressed, and the Queens bearing
lamp. Mrs. Sarah, famous for her ingenious
Puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where
she sells her little troop under the name of Jointed Ba-
nners. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, I am
the

THE
TATLER
LOVER
AND
WHIG-EXAMINER.



THE TATLER.

No. 20. *Thursday, May 26. 1709.*

THOUGH the *Theatre* is now breaking, it is allowed still to sell Animals there; therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have occasion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of *May-Faire* has quite sunk the price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A Tiger will sell almost as cheap as an Oxe; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a Cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and Ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the Heroes being most of them pressed, and the Queens beating hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, so famous for her ingenious Puppet-show, has set up a shop in the *Exchange*, where she sells her little troop under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how

A

she

she had disposed of that rake hell *Punch*, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruine of the *Faire*. She told me, with a sigh, That despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in *Wapping*, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as Centry to a brandy-shop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This Lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This Greatness of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

*I was born of royal race,
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.*

But for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in *Italian*;

*Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono
E pur sono
Iuventurata Pastorella*—

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my Reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at *Amsterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with Actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

M*y* friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary to see one of their Plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The Actors are all of them Tradesmen, who, after their day's work is over, earn about a Gilder a night by personating Kings and Generals. The Heroe of the Tragedy I saw, was a journey-man Taylor, and his first Minister of State a Coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her Mother keeps an Ale-house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short Farce, in which the Gobler did his part to a miracle; but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the Theatre maintain an Hospital: For as here they do not think the profession of an Actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profession that in their opinion so little conduces to the good of the Commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play-houses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the Hospital at Dulledge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen a Player: And it is also said, a famous Sho-Tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow Dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.

No. 42. Saturday, July 16. 1709.

—————Celebrate Domestica Facta.

THIS is to give notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-Lane; where there are likewise several Castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and Country Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all sides of them; being the Moveables of Chri-

Stephen Rich, Esq; who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

The INVENTORY.

Spirits of right *Nantz* Brandy, for lambent Flames and Apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of Lightning.

One shower of Snow in the whitest *French* paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A Sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the Tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of Clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow a little faded.

A ser of Clouds after the *French* mode, streaked with Lightning, and furbelowed.

A New-Moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being all that is left of two hogshheads sent over last winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A Setting-Sun, a pennyworth.

An Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Caesar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry* the eighth, and *Sigmior Valentini*.

A Basket-hilt Sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's Night-gown.

Othello's Handkerchief.

The Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*; never worn but Once.

A Wild-Boar, killed by Mrs. *Tofts* and *Dioclesian*.

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra*.

A Mustard-bowl to make Thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D———'s directions, little used.

Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six Flower-Pots for their partners.

The

The Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.
The Complexion of a Murderer in a hand-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal black peruke.

A suit of clothes for a Ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red *Spanish* Wool.

Modern Plots, commonly known by the name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Villard-Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Three Oak-Gudgels, with one of Crab-Tree; all bought for the use of Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Materials for Dancing; as Masques, Castanets, and a Ladder of ten rounds.

Aurungzebe's Scymeter, made by *Will. Brown* in *Pitt-headly*.

A Plume of Feathers, never used but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Essex*.

There are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep-horns, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breast-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed Baby.

These are the hard shifts we Intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an Order of battle; when we show our martial skill in each line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross point, which often happens at the end of a Campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The *Courant* is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: The *Post-Boy* is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the *Post-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkish* way, Sword in hand, Pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough

enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battel for want of numbers.

No. 75. Saturday, October 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I Am called off from publick dissertations by a domestick affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my Sister Jenny for life. The Girl is a Girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my Father's First Wife, and she of his Third, she converses with me rather like a Daughter than a Sister. I have indeed told her, That if she kept her honour, and behaved her self in such a manner as became the *Bickerstaffs*, I would get her an agreeable man for her Husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in *Pliny's Epistles*. That polite Author had been employed to find out a Consort for his friend's Daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Aciliano plurimum vigoris et industriae quamquam in maxima verecundia: Est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: Est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quae ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi premium dari.

"*Acilianus* is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the Gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of Quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed upon a Daughter as the reward of her Chastity.

A woman that will give her self liberties, need not put

put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a Husband, she can supply her self elsewhere. But this is not the case of my Sister *Jenny*, who, I may say without vanity, is as undisputed a Spinster as any in *Great Britain*. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular

We have in the Genealogy of our house, the Description and pictures of our Ancestors from the time of King *Arthur*; in whose days there was one of my own name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of *Sir Isaac Bickerstaff*. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a *Portuguese Jew*. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest Son *Ralph* (for that was his name) was for this reason married to a Lady who had little else to recommend her but that she was very tall and fair. The issue of this match, with the help of his shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of *William the Conqueror*, the females of our house were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of *Richard the third*, The eldest Son of *Philip*, then chief of the family, being born with an Hump-back and very high Nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders, and a *Roman Nose*: what made the Nose the less excusable, was the remarkable Smallness of his Eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the Eyes were opened in the next generation, and the Hump fell in a Century and half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the Nose, which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of *Henry the seventh's* reign, or rather the beginning of that of *Henry the eighth*.

But while our Ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Nose, the Face of the *Bickerstaffs* fell down insensibly into Chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into tolerable Oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her Heiresses with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-shanks, and Cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir *Walter Bickerstaff* married *Maud* the Milk-maid, of whom the then *Garster King* at Arms (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, That she had spoiled our Blood, but mended our Constitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our Persons and Features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's Minds and Humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful Gardiners blot a colour out of a Tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the mild upon the cholerick; or raise a Jackpudding from a Prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenatick, and a fifth a Coquette.

In this disposal of my Sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins

to harangue: For Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, Stutish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in our selves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my Sister, instead of consulting her Glass and her Toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's nightcap on her head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh, to see me often with my spectacles on lacing her stays; for she is so very a Wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the World.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and chearful in the command of her family, are the Arts and Sciences of Female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a Coach and six: But I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth Criticks, Pedants, or pretty good Poets.

As it is, I expect an Off-spring fit for the habitation of city, town or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an Astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets, as soon as he passes *Cheapside-conduit*; and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent when I see a Citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine Gentleman, but the great-grandson of a Broker, in whom his Ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest Gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and overreaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my Sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little byass of fancy, or particularity of manners which grew in her self, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendor of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. *Obadiah Green-hat* says, he never comes into any company in *England*, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: There is scarce such a living creature as a true *Britain*. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a *Dane* start up and swear, The kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up the whole quart, and swears, He will dispute that with him. A *Norman* tells them both, He will assert his liberty: And a *Wilsman* rises, They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children, and cousin-germans. For which reason I say, Study your race, or the soil of your family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

Sh. Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Saturday,

No. 81. Saturday, October 15. 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,

Quique pii Vates et Phœbo digna locuti,

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Virg.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation: The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious

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multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature, which was not made in a humane figure, could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise humane nature above it self. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this musick with pleasure: But my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens cloathed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of *Sloth*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleasure*. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive Deities, those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain; from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly musick. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their Swords drawn, some carried rolls of Paper in their hands, some had Compasses, others Quadrants, others Telescopes, and other Pencils; some had Laurels on their heads, and others Buskings on their legs: In short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanick art or a liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good Demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this vision, observing in me a kind of burning desire to join that glorious company, told me he highly approved

ved that generous ardor with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little allies, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: And I observed, That most of the Aruzans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politicks, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those, who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, That all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out *Death*. The spectre that guarded the other road, was *Envy*: She was not armed with weapons of destruction like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than death is self, insomuch that abundance of our company were dis-

discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for my self, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: But on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by *Death*; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by *Envy*. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of *Æther*, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made 'em reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed it self in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a Palace of a very glorious structure: It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her Palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions, a band of Historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: The whole fabrick shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming Heroe, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, *Alexander the Great*. He was conducted by a crowd of Historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well

acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment for the reception of fabulous Heroes. The name of this false guide was *Quintus Curtius*. But *Arrian* and *Plutarch*, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good Demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming Virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a Harp, and on her head a Garland. *Alexander*, who was very well acquainted with *Homer*, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The Virgin, who it seems was one of the nine Sisters that attended on the Goddess of *Tragedy*, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward, and though most of the Historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no Conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. *Plato* was on his right hand, and *Xenophon* on his left. He bowed to *Homer*, and sat down by him. It was expected that *Plato* would himself have taken a place next to his Master *Socrates*; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with *Aristotle* at the head of them. That Philosopher with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a tide to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful Virgin that had introduced *Homer* brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was *Virgil*. *Cicero* next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the

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the door for *Lucius* to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contrived himself with the attendance of many other Writers, who all except *Salust* appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great retinue of Historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of *Carthage*. The person thus conducted, who was *Hannibal*, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the *Roman* historians, who attempted says he, to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to *Polybius* who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The *Carthaginian* took his seat, and *Pompey* entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several Historians. *Lutan* the Poet was at the head of them, who observing *Homer* and *Virgil* at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, That whatever preence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the Historians. *Lucan* was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself and was heard to say, That since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more Merit than their whole assembly: Upon which he went to the door, and brought in *Cato* of *Utica*. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to *Cesar* was vacant, he took possession of it; and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of Precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in Place, but in intrinsic Merit; to which he added, That the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. *Socrates*, who had a great spirit of Raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. *Cicero* took the

the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of *Cato*, which he uttered with much vehemence. *Cesar* answered with a great deal of seeming temper: But as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, That in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from *Homer* decided the controversy.

After a short pause, *Augustus* appeared looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. *Virgil* rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the Learned, than the Military Worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with Hieroglyphicks. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a Golden Thigh. *Socrates*, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired *Diogenes* the *Laertian* to lead him to the apartment allotted for Fabulous Heroes, and Worthies of Dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, That they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now *Pythagoras*, the first of Philosophers, and that formerly he had been a brave man at the siege of *Troy*. That may be very true said *Socrates*; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great Harlot in your time. This exclusion made way for *Archimedes*, who came forward with a scheme of Mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I observed a Cone or Cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide for variety to lead me to the Fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimera's and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first Table was almost full. At the upper end sat *Hercules*, leaning an arm

arm upon his Club. On his right hand were *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, and between them *Aeneas*. On his left were *Hector*, *Theseus*, and *Jason*. The lower end had *Orpheus*, *Æsop*, *Phalaris*, and *Museus*. The Ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and surprize, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention *Isaac Bickerstaff*: but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, If they must have a *British* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood*.

“ * While I was transported with the honour that
 “ was done me, and burning with envy against my
 “ Competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the
 “ Cannon which were then fired for the taking of
 “ *Mons*. I should have been very much troubled at be-
 “ ing thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other
 “ occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have
 “ my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the
 “ dead and fabulous Heroes, to the most famous a-
 “ mong the real and the living.

* This last paragraph written by Sir R. Steele.

No. 86. Thursday, October 27. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

When I came home last night, my Servant delivered me the following Letter:

S I R,

Octob. 24.

“ I Have orders from Sir Harry *Quickset*, of *Stafford-*
 “ *shire*, Bar. to acquaint you, That his Honour Sir
 “ Harry himself, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow* Kt. *Thomas*
 “ *Rentfree* Esq; Justice of the *Quorum*, *Andrew Wind-*
 “ *mill* Esq; and Mr. *Nicholas Daubt* of the *Inner-Tem-*
 “ *ple*, Sir Harry's Grandson, will wait upon you at the
 “ hour of nine to morrow morning, being *Tuesday* the
 “ 25th of *October*, upon business which Sir Harry will

“ im-

“ impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of Quality came, that you might not be surprized therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

John Thrifty.

I received this message with less surprize than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: But I was in very great concern how I should adjust this Ceremonial, and demean my self to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple Squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sponser for Chairs (by the Steward's Letter) and fixed my Tea equipage; but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better: and another voice, Nay, good Sir Giles. I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the Order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable: for you are to know, that is my sense of a Person who remains idle in the same place for half a Century. I got him with great success into his Chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family,

ly, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every Quarter-sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The Steward in the rear whispered the young Templer, That is true to my knowledge. I had the misfortune, as they stood Check by Jole, to desire the 'Squire to sit down before the Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. Well, said I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of Tea. They answered one and all, That they never drank Tea in a morning. Not in a morning, said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert Jack-anapes Nick Doyl nipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his Grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the Steward in his boots and whip proposed, we should adjourn to some Publick house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left very discreetly, counting-marching behind the chain towards the door. After him, Sir G. in the same manner. The simple 'Squire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the *Quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order. For the young Jack-anapes learned to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his Grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew no body was of quality to stir a step, till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down *Sheep-Lane*, the imper-

gent Templer driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the simple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjuror should take place of him, though an elder 'Squire. In this order we marched down *Shear-lane*, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple-Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a run of Coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street. However we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before *Ben. Tooke's* shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to *Dick's* Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir *Harry* called for a Mug of ale, and *Dyer's* Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. No! (says Sir *Harry*;) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house. Here the Templer tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning-draught, for which reason I called for a Bottle of *Mum*; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third: After which, Sir *Harry* reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too publick for business; but he would call upon me again

to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him. —

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

No. 88. Tuesday, November 1. 1709.

From my own Apartments, October 31.

I was this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my Landlady came up to me, and told me That the Gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a Lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole Lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some Artists, sawcy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish Man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand on the hilt of my Rapier, and approached this new Lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the Ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprize, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that

humble

humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, That I thought this learned person an Enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetick way, which was a sect of Philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprized to find him open it, and say with great civility, and good Mien, That he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, It was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three Coffee-dishes, and a clean Pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me, he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, That now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an Artist of any other kind to live near him; and I was sure, that several of his Thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been my self at study.

I then took my leave of this Virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

Saturday,

No 90. *Saturday, November 5. 1709.*

Amotus quoniamus seria ludo. Hor.

— The joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three Epigrams, fifty Odes, and ninety one Sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other Passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: But this may be said for Love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our Being but half animated. Humane Nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickned with some active principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in Love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in its capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, Prudence, and Good nature, rightly applyed, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant Love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the History of my married Sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion with one of the finest Allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to show the opinion he

him-

himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the History of Love in the following manner.

At the birth of *Beauty* (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: among the rest, was the God *Plenty*, who was the son of the Goddess *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of Ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time an unhappy female, called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was *Jupiter's* Garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the God *Plenty* asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid her self down by his side, and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an Infant that was to have its Original from two such Parents. At the last, the Child appears; and who should it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour what he really was, a compound of opposite Beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty*, (who was the Off-spring of *Prudence*) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, sercnading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the Father he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: By the Mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a God; and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories, and the like inventions, which the po-

liteft and the beft instructors of mankind have always made ufe of: They take off from the feverity of instruction, and inforce it at the fame time that they conceal it: The fupposing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the Parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconfiftency of this paffion with its felf fo naturally derived to it, are great mafter-ftrokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnifh out a more pleafing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

N^o 93. Saturday, Nov. 12. 1709.

Dear Sir,

I Believe this is the firft Letter that was ever fent you from the middle Region, where I am at this prefent writing. Not to keep you in fufpence, it comes to you from the top of the higheft mountain in Switzerland, where I am now fhivering among the eternal Frofts and Snows: I can fcarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the firft of Auguft at the bottom of the mountain: I affure you, I can hardly keep my Ink from freezing in the middle of the Dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettieft variety of Snow-profpets that you can imagine, and have feveral pits of it before me that are very near as old as the mountain it felf; for in this country, it is as lafting as Marble. I am now upon a fpot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain or King Pepin. The Inhabitants of the country are as great Curiofities as the country it felf: They generally hire themfelves out in their youth, and if they are Mufquet-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pafs the reft of their time among their native mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the lofs of an Eye only, told me by way of boast, that there were now feven wooden legs in his family; and that for thefe four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the Style of this Letter a little extraordinary; but the Rehearfal will tell you, that People in clouds muft not be confined to fpeak fenfe;

sense; and I hope we that are above them may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be.

STR, Your most Obedient,

Most Humble Servant,

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I had several Hints and Advertisements from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my Labours, design to demand the fashionable way of Satisfaction for the disturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such Inviters; and am preparing my self accordingly: I have bought Pumps and Files, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the Dancing-master, has demanded of me, Why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him? But I answered, His was an act of an Indifferent nature, and mine of Necessary. My late treatises against Duels have so far disoblighd the fraternity of the noble Science of Defence, that I can get none of them to shew me so much as one Pass. I am therefore obliged to learn by Book, and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the Postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all sorts of men; from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life or to take advantage of his breadth: Therefore I press purely in a line down from his Nose, and take no more of him to assault, than he has of me: For to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *Carts* or in *Tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I

take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave my self with relation to that advantage with the same Punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed, I have writ against Duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses, I have not ever said, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a Law, I know nothing but the Legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying Challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they stare at me with their Hats cocked higher than other people, I won't bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no frowns, even from Ladies; and if any Woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the Masculine Gender.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Tues.

No. 97. Tuesday, November 22. 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellentia ingenii magnitudine, aut praeclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum viam cursum sequi vellent.

Tull. Offic.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great destruction upon my own Species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of *Xerxes*, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out in tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous City, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its Inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last Bill of Mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper (commonly known by the name of Idleness) which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the Plague has done at *Dantzick*. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called *Prodicus*, but recommended and embellished by *Socrates*. It is the description of *Virtue* and *Pleasure*, making their court to *Hercules* under the appearances of two beautiful women.

When *Hercules*, says the divine Moralist, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day

retired into a Desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural and easie, her Person clean and unspotted, her Eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her Motion and Behaviour full of Modesty, and her Raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an Artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a mixture of Affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Assurance in her looks, and all the Variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon her self, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

My dear *Hercules*, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: Be my friend, and follow me; I'll lead you into the possession of Pleasure, and out of the reach of Pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of Business. The affairs of either War or Peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easie, and to entertain every Sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roses, Clouds of Perfumes, Conforts of Musick, Crowds of Beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of delights, this World of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, to Business ———

Hercules

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this manner, desired to know her Name; to which she answered, My Friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happiness*; but my Enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of pleasure.

By this time the other Lady was come up, who addressed her self to the young Heroe in a very different manner.

Hercules (says she) I offer my self to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for your self and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose Happiness.

The Goddess of *Pleasure* here broke in upon her discourse: You see (said she) *Hercules*, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easie.

Alas! (said the other Lady, whose visage glowed with a passion, made up of scorn and pity) What are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratifie appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious musick, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of

one's own hands. Your Votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the Artizan, an household guardian to the Fathers of Families, a patron and protector of Servants, and associate in all true and generous Friendships. The Banquets of my Votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable Heroe, to which of these two Ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of these Ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of Virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two Goddesses. Our modern Authors have represented *Pleasure* or *Vice* with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: Here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composes a Vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this Allegory for the benefit of the youth of *Great Britain*; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of Non-existence, and whom I most earnestly intreat to come into the world. Let my Embrio's show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the Heroe in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a Club in their hands, and a Lion's skin

on their shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants; but, as the finest Author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, Though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

No. 100. Tuesday, November 29. 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. Virg.

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I Was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of *Lincoln's-Inn*, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an Hemisphere of Stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent *Aether*, as made every Constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the Richest Sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that expression) without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects. For on these occasions, Philosophy suggests motives to Religion, and Religion adds pleasures to Philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of Soul, I retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction

of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a Reasonable creature, and promising my self that my slumbers would be sweet. I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or saw a Vision (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my evening-meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess, the wildness of imagination (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers it self too much in several parts of it.

Methoughts I saw the azure Sky diversified with the same glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the name of the *Balance*, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the Sun should rise at Midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the midst of a great Glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a Woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel or Intelligence that guided the Constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddess of *Justice* is usually described. Her Countenance was unspeakably awful and majestick, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her Smiles transported with rapture, her Frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a Mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the Painters put into the hand of *Truth*.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished it self from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of daylight. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw Darkness and Clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied

plied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have all the Species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to Riches and Estates, or to any part of of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner.* Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the Goddess moved the Mirror of Truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several Instruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all Forgery and Falshood. The Blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped; though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils. The light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the Universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, or chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the Clouds, and was called *The Mount of Restitution*; to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dres-

sed with lace and embroidery. Several who were *Plumbs*, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most, was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in *Europe* from one end to the other become Bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their Proper Families; which was no sooner done, but an Edict was issued out, requiring All Children to repair to their True and Natural Fathers. This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural Instinct, as directed them to their Real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the Fathers of very large families become Childless, and Bachelors undone by a charge of Sons and Daughters. You might see a presumptive Heir of a great estate ask blessing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toast paying her duty to a *Vâlet de Chambre*. Many under Vows of Celibacy appeared surrounded with a numerous Issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest Friends. Men were no sooner settled in their Right to their Possessions and their Progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, *That all the Posts of Dignity and Honour in the Universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest Merit, Abilities and Perfection*. The Handsome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the Mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: But as the Goddess tried the multitude by her Glass, as the Eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not distinguished himself either by Virtue, Knowledge or Capacity in business, either Military or Civil. This select Assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multi-

multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a Regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of Virtue; in the second, men of Knowledge; and in the third, the men of Business. It was impossible to look at the first Column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetned with Humanity, raised with Contemplation, emboldened with Resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable Airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of Virtue. I could not but take notice, That there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second Column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last, without positive command of the Goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest Genius and strongest Sense were placed at the Head of the Column: behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column, were men who had more Wit than Sense, or more Learning than Understanding. All living Authors of any value were ranged in one of these Classes; but I must confess, I was very much surpris'd to see a great body of Editors, Criticks, Commentators, and Grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the First station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but Lacqueys of the learned.

The third Column were men of Business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the Front, at which the others shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last

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Column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the publick. In order to fill up all the posts of Honour, Dignity, and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column, of men who were Masters of all Three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the First rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a Second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with One of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these Excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent Dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of Mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

No 101. *Thursday, December 1. 1709.*

— *Postquam fregit subsellia versu
Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.* Juv.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when *Justice* visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an Injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other nation upon earth. This Iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are Rogues within the law; and in the

the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These Miscreants are a set of wretches we Authors call *Pirates*, who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller Volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them Rascals, Plunderers, Robbers, Highway-men—But they acknowledge all that; and are pleased with those, as well as any other Titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing therefore we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered my self, that my stock of learning was worth 150*l. per Annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious Drole, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his Amusements as well Comical as Serious. The merry Rogue said, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of *Table-Talk*, and his Bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of *November* till the opening of the Campaign, he writ Pamphlets and *Letters to Members of Parliament*, or *Friends in the country*; But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers

ers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon *strange and lamentable Accidents*. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a Prodigy; and a Monster well writ, was two guinea's the lowest price. This prepared his readers for *his great and bloody news from Flanders in June and July*. Poor Tom! He is gone——But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, Famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose Pen is their Portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for Palmistry and Astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my Papers; so that I am only in the condition of a Lawyer, who leaves the Bar for Chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the Cause of Learning it self, and lament, that a liberal Education is the only one which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All mechanick Artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, That he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to Letters. A learned Education, passing through great Schools and Universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome Commission or Employment, which

which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive Voyage which is undertaken in the search of Knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable Merchandise, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into Port, should suffer being plundered by Privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful Author of the age we live in, after having laid out a Princely Revenue in works of Charity and Beneficence, as became the greatness of his Mind, and the Sanctity of his Character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal Writings brought her in a very considerable Dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their Value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the copy of which was sold for 2500*l*.

I do not speak with relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in Business, or receiving Preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their Writings. For my own part, I have brought my self to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the product of his Understanding, than one who does it by the favour of Great Men.

The zeal of an Author has transported me thus far, though I think my self as much concerned in the capacity of a Reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful Edition of a book in *Great Britain*.

We have already seen the *Memoirs of Sir William Temple* published in the same character and volume with

with the History of *Tom Thumb*, and the works of our greatest Poets shrunk into Penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my *Lucubrations* printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two Pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this Paper.

No. 102. *Saturday, December 3. 1709.*

From my own Apartment, *December 3.*

A Continuation of the Vision.

THE Male World were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole Plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial Light of the Mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the Goddess, than such who were brought before her to their Tryal. The clack of Tongues, and confusion of Voices, in this new Assembly, was so very great, that the Goddess was forced to command Silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her Edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important Affair among Womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of Place. This had raised innumerable Disputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a tumult. Every one produced her Claim, and pleaded her Pretensions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were words that rung in my Ears from all parts of the Plain. Some boasted of the Merit of their Husbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted Virginity; others their numerous Issue. Some valued themselves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of

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Considerable Persons. There was not a single Accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The Goddesses, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, *That every one should take place according as she was more or less Beautiful.* This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole Assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its Beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might show their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the Assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the Goddesses, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The Ladies were yet better pleased when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own Judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of her self, when she consulted her Looking-glass.

The Goddesses then let down the Mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the Eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this Looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most Accomplished (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most Defective, the most deformed. The Goddesses so varied the motion of the Glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing her self in it.

It is impossible to describe the Rage, the Pleasure, or
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Astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the Mirror: Multitudes started at their own Form, and would have broke the Glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The Lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frighted at her own Image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the Glass. The interested Mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle Jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest Master-pieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surpris'd at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Syren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the most beautiful Object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her Countenance. Her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole Fair Sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the Lady represented by so divine an Image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my Right Hand, and in the same point of view with my self. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles and her head covered with Grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent chearfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as she beheld her self in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my Dream (but I

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cannot forbear relating it) I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discouraging her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own Images, should separate, and place themselves at the Head of their Sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three Bodies, consisting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the middle, with the Maids on the right, and the Widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the Centre. This separation of those, who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the Main Body so considerably as it might have been wished, the Goddess, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome Edicts, which are slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two Extremes in the Female world; of those who are very Severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very Regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the Goddess pronounced, was, *That all Females addicted to Conspicuousness and Detraction, should lose the Use of Speech*; a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and (what should be the end of all punishments,) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this Edict, which was as soon executed as published, the Noise of the Assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid Virtue struck dumb. A Lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, She wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of ——— I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their Characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her Tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name

name of *Prudes*, a courtly word for Female Hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second Sentence was then pronounced against the Loose part of the Sex, *That all should immediately be pregnant; who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it.* This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance, though at the same time (as afflictions seldom come single) many of the Mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The Ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their Lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of Fair ones either dumb or big-bellied: But I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to recover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established Maxim in all nations, That a woman's First child might come into the world within Six months after her acquaintance with her Husband; and that Grief might retard the birth of her last till Fourteen months after his decease.

This Vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprize, to find my self alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my Vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done Justice to the Sex. If Virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which *Milton* has very finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost*, where *Adam*, speaking of *Eve*, after having asserted his own Pre-eminence, as being First in Creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following Rapture:

— Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in her self compleat, so well to know

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No. 102. The TATLER. 47

Her Own, that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
 All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
 Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shows.
 Authority and Reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally : And to consummate all,
 Greatness of Mind and Nobleness, their seats
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard Angelick plac'd.

No. 103. Tuesday, December 6. 1709.

— *Ha nuga seria ducunt*
In mala, derisum semel exceptumque sinistrè.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

Here is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction,
 than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of
 business, especially when it turns to the publick Emolu-
 ment. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spi-
 rit at present, occasioned by the fatigue of Affairs
 which I went through last Saturday. It is some time
 since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions
 of several who had applied to me, for Canes, Perspec-
 tive-glasses, Snuff-boxes, Orange flower-waters, and
 the like Ornaments of Life. In order to adjust this mat-
 ter, I had before directed Charles Lillie of Beauford-
 Buildings to prepare a great bundle of Blank Licences
 to the following words:

You are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to
 pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London,
 in any place within ten miles of it, without lett or molesta-
 tion; provided that he does not walk with it under his
 Arm,

Arm, brandish it in the Air, or hang it on a Button: In which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any who shall think it safe to take it from him.

Isaac Bickerstaffe.

The same Form, differing only in the Proviso's, will serve for a Perspective, Snuff-box, or perfumed Handkerchief. I had placed myself in my Elbow-chair at the upper end of my great Parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a Joint-stool with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my Chamber-keeper upon Court-days. He let me know, That there were a great number attending without. Upon which, I ordered him to give notice, That I did not intend to sit upon Snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for Canes might enter. The first presented me with the following Petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

To Isaac Bickerstaffe Esq; Censor of Great-Britain.

The humble Petition of Simon Trippit,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner having been bred up to a Cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his Behaviour depending upon it, should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

That the Knocking of it upon his shoe, Leaning one leg upon it, or Whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at present engaged in an Amour, and must despair of success, if it be taken from him.

Your Petitioner therefore hopes, that (the premisses being

derly considered) your Worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

And your Petitioner shall ever, &c.

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when upon observing him nearer I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his Cane in Court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent Amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my Clerk *Lillie* to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint headed with Walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in the week, and to abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: And setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a Cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to take in his Cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight Stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his Cane, and gave him a new pair of Crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This Gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, That he was extremely afflicted with the Gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an Impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. *Thomas Smith* in King-Street (my own Corn-cutter) who attended in an outward room; and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that

I thought fit to send Him also away without his Cane. While I was thus dispensing Justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his Cane, which hung on his fifth Button. Upon examination, I found him to be an *Oxford* scholar, who was just entered at the *Temple*. He at first disputed the Jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logick, he told me very pertly, That he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a Cane in his hand. It is well known (says he) we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an Animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a Cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life. Upon which I asked him, Whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, He had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: And further said, That he never took it off his Button, unless it were to lift it up at a Coachman, hold it over the head of a Drawer, point out the Circumstance of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his Neck, instead of hanging it upon his Button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their Licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their Licences renewed, who required more time for

for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my Petitioners, there came in a well dressed Man, with a Glass-tube in one hand, and his Petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his Wig, put forward his right Leg, and advancing the Glass to his right Eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my Spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our Glasses, I desired him to read his Petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, That he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a Glass. In answer to this, I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. As you are now (said I) you are out of the reach of Beauty; the shafts of of the finest Eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a Toast from an Orangewench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others — My Petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, Mr. Bickerstaffe, you quite mistake your Man; it is the Joy, the Pleasure, the Employment of my Life, to frequent publick Assemblies, and gaze upon the Fair. In a word, I found his use of a Glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his Vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a Licence for a Perspective, but allowed him a pair of Spectacles, with full permission to use them in any publick Assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of Men, that I have reason to hope this sort of Cheats are almost at an end.

The Orange flower-men appeared next with Petitions, perfumed so strongly with Musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake,

was obliged forthwith to license their Handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetned them at *Charles Lillie's*, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. *John Morpew*, whom I have made the General of my Dead Men, acquainted me, That the Petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the abovesaid *Morpew* to give it in orders to his whole army, That every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the Upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my Session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater Evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear publick censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to Folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualifie him from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a Gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad Belt, and a Hanger instead of a fashionable Sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six and thirty years, when at last, to the surprize of every body but my self, who had long expected to see the Folly break out, he married his own Cook-maid.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper.

Saturday,

No. 108. *Saturday, December 17. 1709.**Prohaque cum spectant animalia cetera terram,**Os homini Sublime dedit, celumque tueri**Jussit.**Ovid. Met.**Sheer-Lane, December 16.*

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed Lights, with proper Forms and Orders in Assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my Imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason, I frequently look in at the Play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new Idea's, that may be servicable to me in my lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the Theatre the other day, and placed my self in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being my self observed. I found the Audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble Tragedy was just then in its Crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an Hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the Majesty of Distress, to my unspeakable amazement, there came up a Monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted it self into the motions and wrackings of several different Animals, and after great variety of Shapes and Transformations, went off the Stage in the figure of an humane creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear Country-

men, and looked about with some apprehension for fear any Foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I that humane nature can rejoice in its Disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to Ridicule, and distorted into Forms that raise Horror and Aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve Esteem for their Virtue, Knowledge, or Services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of Buffoonry. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that these who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent humane nature in its proper dignity. As Man is a Creature made up of different Extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful Artist may draw an excellent Picture of him in either views. The finest Authors of Antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural Grandeur of the Soul, raise in her a generous Ambition, feed her with hopes of Immortality and Perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the Virtuous and the Vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between Gods and Brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a thousand other ancient Moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish *French* Authors, or those of our own country, who are the Imitators and Admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with my self, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate humane nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean Interpretations and base Motives to the worthiest Actions; They resolve Virtue and Vice

Vice into Constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the Species of Men and that of Brutes. As an Instance of this kind of Authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Rochefoucault*, who is the great Philosopher for administering of consolation to the Idle, the Envious, and worthless part of Mankind.

I remember a young Gentleman of moderate Understanding, but great Vivacity, who by dipping into many Authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of Knowledge, just enough to make an Atheist or a Free-thinker, but not a Philosopher or a man of sense. With these Accomplishments, he went to visit his Father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The Son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new Religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well; that he had seduced the Butler by his Table-talk, and staggered his eldest Sister. The old Gentleman began to be alarmed at the Schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his Son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, 'till one day talking of his *Sewing-dog*, the Son said, He did not question but *Trey* was as Immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the Argument told his Father, That for his own part, he expected to die like a Dog. Upon which, the old man starting up in a very great passion, cried out, Then, Sirrah, you shall live like one; and taking his Cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his System. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a Bench-er in the *Middle-Temple*.

I do not mention this Cudgelling part of the Story with a design to engage the Secular Arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts it self in affairs of Opinion and Speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable Pretenders to Knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his Being, and destroy those Principles which are the

Support, Happiness, and Glory, of all publick Societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of *Pythagoras's* Golden sayings, *that a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself*: And it is certain, that this licentious sort of Authors, who are for depreciating Mankind, endeavoured to disappoint and undo what the most refined Spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of Dress, Good-breeding, outward Ornaments, and Ceremony, were to lift up humane nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, Painting, and Statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every Art and Science contributes to the embellishment of Life, and to the wearing off or throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our Nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of *Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better account of this Art than all the Volumes that were ever written upon it.

Poetry, especially Heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the Dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in Dignity inferior to the Soul of man, Poesy seems to endow humane Nature with that which History denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the Shadow of things, where the Substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong Argument may be drawn from Poesy, that a more stately Greatness of things, a more perfect Order, and a more beautiful Variety, delights the Soul of man, than any way can be found in Nature since the Fall. Wherefore seeing the Acts and Events, which are the Subjects of true History are not of that amplitude as to content the Mind of man; Poesy is ready at hand to feign Acts more heroical. Because true History reports the successes of Business not proportionable to the merit of Virtues and Vices, Poesy corrects it, and presents Events and Fortunes according to Desert, and according to the law of Providence: Because true History, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision

the mind of man, Poesy cheareth and refresheth the Soul, painting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as Poesy serveth and conferreth to Delectation, Magnanimity, and Morality; and therefore it may seem deserved to have some participation of Diviness, because it doth raise the Mind, and exalt the Spirit with high Raptures, by proportioning the Shews of things to the Desires of the mind; and not submitting the Mind to things, as Reason and History do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the Soul of man, joined also with Consort of Musick, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded.

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural Greatness and Dignity of humane Nature so much as Religion, which does not only promise the entire Refinement of the Mind, but the Glorifying of the Body, and the Immortality of Both.

No. 110. Thursday, December 22, 1709.

Qua lucis miseris tam dira cupido? Virg.

Sheer-Lane, December 21.

AS soon as I had placed my self in my Chair of Judicature, I ordered my Clerk Mr. Lillie to read to the Assembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain Declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpose of my Session; which tended only to this explanation, That as other Courts were often called to demand the Execution of persons Dead in Law, so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are Dead in Reason. The Solicitor of the new company of Upholders near the Hay-Market appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who her self stood at the Bar before

C. S. me

me. Mr. Lillie read her Indictment, which was in substance, That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the Parish of St. Martin in the Fields, had by the use of one Instrument called a Looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of Cambrick, Muslin, or other Linnen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death several young men of the said Parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called *Love-letters* (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said Seals) that they Died for the said Rebecca: And whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said Society construed to be, according to former Edicts, a State of Death, and demanded an order for the Interment of the said Rebecca.

I looked upon the Maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, It was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of her self happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her Accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her Killing, than Dead. She further alledged, That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become meer words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they Died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words, *I die*, in Letters of Love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved her self with such an Air of Innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing Rule, That any persons, who in any Letter, Billet, or Discourse,

course, should tell a Woman he Died for her, should, if she pleas'd, be oblig'd to Live with her, or be immediately Interr'd upon such their own confession, without Bail or Mainprize.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A Letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; *Cruel Creature, I die for you*. It was observable that he took Snuff all the time his Accusation was reading. I asked him, How he came to use these words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, He was in love with a Lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method. Though I was mov'd with compassion towards him by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for Example's sake, I was forc'd to answer, Your Sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your Companions; not to tell lies for want of wit. Upon this, he began to beat his Snuff-box with a very sawcy Air; and opening it again, Faith Isaac, said he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow ——— Pr'ythee, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What-a-pox hast thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a Man be in company with his Mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a Jest telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy Wisdom, old Snuffcrump, ha? He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his Box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the workmanship of the Hinge, when, in the midst of his Eloquence, I order'd his Box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old Fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his Relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible Witness depos'd, That he always rose at ten of the Clock, played with his cat till twelve, smoked Tobacco till one, was at Dinner till

two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till six, talked of one *Madam Frances* an old Mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the Tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other Pipe, and then to Bed. I asked him, what he had to say for himself? As to what (said he) they mention concerning *Madam Frances* — I did not care for hearing a *Canterbury Tale*, and therefore thought my self seasonably interrupted by a young Gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arrest of Judgment; for that he the said young Man held certain lands by his the said old Man's life. Upon this, the Solicitor of the Upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several Evidences that witnessed to his Life and Conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the publick. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his Cat, the young one was looking out of his Window; while the old Man was smoaking his Pipe, the young Man was rubbing his Teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at Backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old Fellow was talking of *Madam Frances*, the young one was either at Play, or coaxing Women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, That the young Man had never been good for any thing; the old Man, a Man of worth before he knew *Madam Frances*. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with Inscriptions proper to their Characters, signifying, That the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was said, That he departed this world in the 25th year of his Death.

The next Class of Criminals, were Authors in Prose and Verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work were immediately dismissed to their Burial, and were followed by others, who notwithstanding some sprightly Issue in their Life-time, had given proofs of their Death, by some Posthumous Children, that bore

more no resemblance to their elder Brethren. As for those who were the Fathers of a mixed Progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live Child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case I was satisfied with Amputation of the Parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a Reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free Pardon in case of Resuscitation.

There were still great Multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the Court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my Duty, and furnished out a handsome Execution.

Going out of the Court, I received a Letter, informing me, That in pursuance of the Edict of Justice in one of my late Visions, all those of the Fair Sex began to appear Pregnant who had ran any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular Swelling in the Petticoats of several Ladies in and about this great City. I must confess, I do not attribute the Rising of this part of the Dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable Fashion. I shall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the Fair Ladies who are now making up their Winter-suits, that they may abstain from all Dresses of that kind, till they shall find what Judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary Expence; and I could not but think my self to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such Garments, when they have laid out Money upon them, without having given them any previous Admonitions.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper.

Saturday

No. III. Saturday, December. 24. 1706.

—*Procul O ! Procul este profani !* Virg.*Sheer-Lane December 23.*

THE Watchman, who does me particular Honours, as being the chief man in the Lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard my self complimented with the usual Salutation of, *Good Morrow Mr. Bickerstaffe, Good Morrow my Masters all.* The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon my self. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, What was the proper employment of a Thinking being? What were the Perfections it should propose to it self? And, What the End it should aim at? My Mind is of such a particular Cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our Bellman began his midnight Homely (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years) with the usual Exordium.

Oh ! mortal Man, thou that art born in Sin !

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of Gallantry, Politeness, and Ridicule. The temper which I now found my self in, as well as the time of the Year, put me in mind of those lines in *Shakespear*, wherein, according to his agreeable wild-

ness

ness of Imagination, he has wrought a country Tradition into a beautiful piece of Poetry. In the Tragedy of Hamlet, where the Ghost vanishes upon the Cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about *Christmas* time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

It faded on the crowing of the Cock.

Some say, That ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,

The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long ;

And then, say they, no Spirit dares walk abroad :

The nights are wholsom, then no Planets strike,

No Fairy takes, no Witch has power to charm ;

So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.

This admirable Author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with Religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience ; and are therefore certain Instances, that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of Virtue than the present.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider, that the *British* nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its Councils and Conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish it self by a certain Looseness of Principles, and a falling off from those Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of humane nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn Blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and seriousness of Apostles, to exurpate common sense, and propagate Infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of Wit, Learning, or Reason, publish their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions ; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to

write.

write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argue against the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk Blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Disputant, that reads, and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of mankind. I love to consider an Infidel, whether distinguished by the title of Deist, Atheist, or Freethinker, in three different lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his last Moments.

A wise man, that lives up to the principles of Reason and Virtue, if one considers him in his Solitude, as taking in the System of the Universe, observing the mutual dependance and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an Intelligent being, than the greatest Conqueror amidst the pomps and solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheist in his Retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: He can only consider himself as an insignificant Figure in a Landkip, and wandering up and down in a Field or a Meadow, under the same terms as the meanest Animals about him, and as subject to as total a Morality as they, with this aggravation, That he is the only one amongst them who lies under the Apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is passed, or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest Blessing that he proposes to himself, and an Halter or a Pistol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy Miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of Death.

About

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of these Vermin, when there arose a brisk Gale, which could frighten no body but himself. Upon the howling of the Ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his Estate. The good man was astonished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, That there was an Atheist upon the Upper-deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange Fish; but they were more surprized when they saw it was a Man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed till that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of Confession, one of the honest Jarrs whispered to the Boatswain, That it would be a good deed to heave him over board. But we were now within sight of Port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the Penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, as we were Gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his Devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the Lie on both sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood became as good a Christian as he was at Sea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the Free-thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the Existence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the Age, and country which I live in, I should have thought my self inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, that a man would be a most insupportable Monster, should he have the faults that are

are incident to his Years, Constitution, Profession, Family, Religion, Age, and Country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an Old man, I take particular care to avoid being Coverous, and telling long stories: As I am Cholerick, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, Pugh! Pish! and the like. As I am a Layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wife and good man, because his Coat is of a different colour from mine. As I have descended of the ancient family of the *Bickerstaffs*, I never call a man of Merit an Upstart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an *Englishman*, I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or despise a poor *Palatine*.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

No. III. Saturday, December 31. 1709

Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum est, exsistimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa aristitiam, haec in petulantiam procedas. Plin. Epist.

Sheer-Lane, December 30.

I Was walking about my Chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a Coach stop at my door, and a Youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest Son of my Bosom-friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the 17th. of last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my Acquaintance having begun with his Father when he was just such a Stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst into tears. I was extremely moved, and

Immediately said, Child, How does your Father do? He began to reply, My Mother ——— but could not on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his Mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the offices to her, he had taken that time to come and tell me to his Father, who (he said) would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his Parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performance of those duties which I owed to my Friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent Woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the blow of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past without sorrow. We were now got pretty far into *Westminster*, and arrived at my Friend's house. At the door of I met *Favonius*, not without a secret Satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of Virtue and Knowledge which makes Religion beautiful, and never leads the Conversation into the violence and rage of Party-disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of Death, which he treated with such a Strength of reason, and Greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my Friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before,

at

at the sight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of Children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest Daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her Mother; others were kneeling about the Bed-side: And what troubled me most was, to see a little Boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his Sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the Bed-side, she told me, with a low broken voice, This is kindly done——Take care of your Friend——Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her Husband and Children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a Woman of her Character. My Heart was torn to pieces to see the Husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his Grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last Moments; and the Wife even at that time concealing the Pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her Eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her Departure my Friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep Groan, and fell into a swoon by her Bed-side. The distraction of the Children, who thought they saw both their Parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their Father recovered, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first Pangs of his Affliction were abated. I knew Consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient Author, who in one of his Epistles relating the Virtues and Death of *Macrinus's* Wife, expresses himself thus; “I shall suspend my advice to this best of Friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those great Remedies, (*necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*) the Necessity of submission, Length of time, and Satiety of grief.

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much immiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he loses in every circumstance of Life. His Condition is the same that of one who has lately lost his right Arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the Pleasures and Diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the Sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the Society of one we love, is admirably described in *Milton*, who represents Eve, though in *Paradise* itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with *Adam*, in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

*With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on his delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heaven her starry train.
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
In this delightful land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor Fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without Thee is sweet.*

The variety of Images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular Image,

Image, with a little varying of the Expression, makes one of the finest Turns of Words that I have ever seen: Which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his Preface to *Juvenal*, That he could meet with no Turn of Words in *Milton*.

It may further be observed, That though the Sweetness of these Verses has something in it of a Pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the Scene of it is above an ordinary Field or Meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this Subject, show several passages in *Milton* that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our *English* Poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen Angels engaged in the intricate disputes of Predestination, Free-will, and Fore-knowledge; and to humour the Perplexity, makes a kind of Labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

*Others apart sate on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wand'ring Mazes lost.*

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

No. 116. Thursday, January 5. 1709.

Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

Ovid

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE Court being prepared for proceeding on the Cause of the *Potticoat*, I gave orders to bring in a Criminal who was taken up as she went out of the Puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavour'd twice

or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her Petticoat, which was too large for the Entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the Folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the Jury of Matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her Petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the Verdict from the Bench of Matrons, I issued out an Order forthwith, That the Criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an Engine of several legs, that could contract or open it self like the top of an Umbrello, in order to place the Petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper Dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the Engine, the Petticoat was brought into Court. I then directed the Machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the Garment in its utmost Circumference; but my great Hall was too narrow for the Experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a Circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my Chair of Judicature. I then enquired for the Person that belonged to the Petticoat; and to my great surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young Damsel, with so pretty a Face and Shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little Crock at my left hand. My pretty Maid (said I) do you own your self to have been the Inhabitant of the Garment before us? The Girl I found had good Sense, and told me with a Smile, That notwithstanding it was her own Petticoat, she should be very glad to see an Example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her Quality; That she had kept out of it as long as she could, and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her

her Acquaintance; That if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the Fair Sex upon account of the Fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of the pretty Criminal. I then ordered the Vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a Pulley to the top of my great Hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the Engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample Canopy over our heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of Silken Rotunda, in its form not unlike the Cupola of *St. Paul's*. I entered upon the whole Cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

The Council for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the Objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their Client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our Woollen Manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: The common Petticoat has not above four yards in the Circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the Semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the Circumference, the five Millions of Woollen Petticoats, which according to Sir *William Petty* (supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed State, that all Petticoats are made of that Stuff,) would amount to thirty Millions of those of the ancient Mode. A prodigious improvement of the Woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of *France* in a few years.

To introduce the second Argument, they begged leave to read a Petition of the Rope-makers, wherein it was represented, That the demand for Cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this Fashion came up. At this, all the Company who were present lifted

up their eyes into the Vault; and I must confess, we did discover many Traces of Cordage which were interwoven in the Stiffening of the Drapery.

A third Argument was founded upon a Petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of the Whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present Fashion, and the benefit which would accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unweildiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the Honour of Families.

These Arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a long and elaborated discourse) had I not considered the great and additional expence which such Fashions would bring upon Fathers and Husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of till some years after a Peace. I further urged, That it would be a prejudice to the Ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the Pocket, if they laid out so much on the Petticoat. To this I added, the great Temptation it might give to Virgins, of acting in Security like married women, and by that means give a check to Matrimony, an Institution always encouraged by wise Societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several Petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the Women of several persons of Quality, humbly setting forth, That since the introduction of this mode, their respective Ladies had (instead of bestowing on them their Cast-gowns) cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to compleat the stiffening of their Under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the Petticoat a Forfeiture. But to shew that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a Widow-gentlewoman, who has Five Daughters, desiring she would make each of them a Petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder,

der, which I design to cut into Stomachers, Caps, Facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my Age and Quality.

I would not be understood, that (while I discard this monstrous invention) I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the Fair Sex. On the contrary, as the hand of Nature has poured on them such a profusion of Charms and Graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional Beauties that Art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert, those of Nature.

I consider Woman as a beautiful Romantick Animal, that may be adorned with Furs and Feathers, Pearls and Diamonds, Ores and Silks. The Lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a Tippet; the Peacock, Parrat, and Swan, shall pay contributions to her Muff; the Sea shall be searched for Shells, and the Rocks for Gems; and every part of Nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a Creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

No. 117. Saturday, January 7. 1709.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Virg.

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

When I look into the frame and constitution of my own Mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that Tenderness and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happiness of Mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments

which

which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty, and Success, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does Himself any real service, does Me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply Instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an Humanity and Benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the History of Ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great Man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of Success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in History, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious end their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse my self with the accounts I meet with in fabulous Histories and Fictions. For in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing Vice punished, and Virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole circle of his Existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: But though our view of him is interrupted by Death before the finishing of his Adventures, (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the

Conclusion and Catastrophe is altogether suitable to his Behaviour. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man, considered as an Heroe, or a Knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction: so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured Disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our Favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the Pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned Histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the Heroe's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the Heroe's Mistress was the Sister of his most intimate Friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in quest of Adventures. The Heroe having heard of his Friend's death, immediately repaired to his Mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a Man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a Knight-errant either to kill his Mistress, or the Man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a Romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the Person he saw in his Mistress's arms was her own Brother, taking leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate Farewel of a Sister: So that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his Mistress faithful whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some Disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this kind

kind was that of poor *Lucretia*; and yet we see *Ovid* has found an expedient even in a case like hers. He describes a beautiful and royal Virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by *Neposune*, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never certainly was the wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her Honour. Had she desired to be changed into a Stock or Stone, a Beast, Fish or Fowl, she would have been a loser by it. Or had she desired to have been made a Sea-Nymph, or a Goddess, her Immortality would but have perpetuated her Disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a change as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she was turned into a Man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a part of the Army which was then quartered at *Dover*, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting our selves upon the top of the Cliff with the prospect of the Sea, and trifling away the time in such little Fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a Paper of Verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of Rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of Adamant. It is

much easier for my Reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, it is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! when I Awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see my self drawn out of an Affliction which the every moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The Impressions of Grief and Horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Person, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the Imaginary death was untimely, and I my self in a sort an Accessary; whereas her Decease had at least these alleviations, of being Natural and Inevitable.

The Memory of the Dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-Cliff in *Shakespeare's* Tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

*Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast ones Eyes so low?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as Beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire. Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The Fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like Mice, and yond' tall anchoring Bark
Diminish'd to her Boar; her Boat a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my Brain turn.*

Thursday,

No. 119. Thursday, January 12. 1709.

In tenui labor......

Virg.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I Have lately applied my self with much satisfaction to the curious Discoveries that have been made by the help of Microscopes, as they are related by Authors of our own and other Nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this World of Wonders, which Nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the Visible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the present age, by the invention of Glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible Magazine of Rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our Forefathers. I was yesterday amusing my self with Speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon Myriads of Animals that swim in those little Seas of Juices that are contained in the several Vessels of an humane Body. While my mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon my self as in an Act of Devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great Hea-then Anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of an humane Body, *An Hymn to the Supreme Being*. The reading of the day produced in my Imagination an agreeable Morning's Dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt, whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius stood at my bed's-head, and entertained me with the following Discourse; for upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

If (said he) you can be so transported with those Productions of Nature which are discovered to you by those Artificial eyes that are the works of humane Invention, how great will your surprize be, when you shall have it in your power to model your own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied Spirits, can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the Creation distinct and visible. This gives us such Ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present Conceptions. There is not the least Particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient Employment for a whole Eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new Wonders of Providence, as we look into the different Texture of its parts, and meet with beds of Vegetables, Mineral and Metallick Mixtures, and several kinds of Animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless Fund of Matter. I find you are surpris'd at this discourse; but as your Reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole Earth. Your Microscopes bring to light shoals of living Creatures in a spoonful of Vinegar; but we, who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge *Leviathans*, that terrify the little Fry of Animals about them, and take their pastime as in an Ocean, or the great Deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible Giants, accompanied with their respective Dwarfs, in case that any of these little Beings are of an humane shape. You may assure your self (said he) that we see in these little Animals different Natures, Instincts and Modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in Creatures of bigger dimensions. We descry millions of Species subsisted on a green Leaf, which your Glasses represent only in crowds and swarms.

What

What appears to your eye but a Hair or Down rising on the surface of it, we find to be Woods and Forests, inhabited by Beasts of Prey, that are as dreadful in those their haunts, as Lions and Tigers in the deserts of Asia. I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural History of Insuperable, containing a true account of such Vegetables and Animals as grow and live out of sight. Such Discussions (answers he) are very suitable to reasonable Creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious Spirits among them who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses, may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a Mite, and have seen the Skeleton of a Flea. I have been shewn a Forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an Acorn. Your Microscope can shew you in it a complete Oak in miniature; and could you suit all your Organs as we do, you might pluck an Acorn from this little Oak, which contains a hock tree, and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible (added he) to take of things so remote from Common life, and the ordinary notions which Men kind receive from blunt and gross Organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a Dog opened, to observe the Circulation of the blood, or make any other useful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a Circle of much greater Philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little Animals which we find in the Blue of a Plumb; that it was tyed down alive before them, and that they observed the palpitations of the Heart, the course of the Blood, the working of the Muscles, and the convulsions in the several Limbs, with great accuracy and improvement. I must confess, said I, for my own part, I go along

with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of Humane Nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these Minute Animals, (though indeed no less wonderful than the other) but in that of the *Leviathan* and *Behemoth*, the *Horse* and the *Crocodile*. Your observation (said he) is very just; and I must acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the Creation in their Immensity, than in their Minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of humane eyes though assisted by Telescopes. What you look upon as one confused White in the Milky-way, appears to me a long tract of Heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the Sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of Worlds and Suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.

The latter part of this discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw no-body, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good Genius or a Dream that left me.



No. 120. Saturday, January 14. 1709.

*Velut silvis, ubi passim**Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;**Ille sinistrorsum, dextrorsum abit.*

HON.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

I Nstead of considering any particular Passion or Character in any one Set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of humane life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole Species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of Life. Youth is devoted to Lust, Middle age to Ambition, Old age to Avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the Good, Lust becomes Virtuous Love; Ambition, true Honour; and Avarice, the Care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to rest, and afterwards formed it self into a pleasing and regular Vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a Wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and allies, that all Mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the Centre of it, which opened into a wide Plain, filled with multitudes of both Sexes. I here discovered Three great Roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the Forest. On a sudden, the whole

mul.

multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the Three great Roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these Roads terminated, and whither it would lead those who passed through them, I joined my self with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves *The Band of Lovers*. I found, to my great surprize, that several Old men besides my self had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to the Band of Misers, and were walking up the Path of *Avarice*; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The Walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our Senses, and intoxicated our Minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every Man singled out some Woman to whom he offered his Addresses, and professed himself a Lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious Walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleasing grotto's, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the Lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their Mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into Plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little Wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the Lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts

hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a Man pursuing a fine Woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the Wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular, that several persons who stood only at the End of the Avenue, and cast a careless eye upon the Nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful. And that some of my own Age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the Wilderness, and by dodging their Women in the particular corners and allies of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular Grove, which was called *The Labyrinth of Coquettes*; where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with the purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated Beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her Charms and Graces to the several Follies of those that admired her, drawing into the *Labyrinth* a whole pack of Lovers, that lost themselves in the Maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the Fair ones, who had thus deluded their Followers, and left them among the Intricacies of the Labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to surrender to the first Partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed Passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them, I saw the same great Road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful Temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the Multitude who had been dispersed amongst the Thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the Temples that stood before us. The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to *Virtuous Love*, and could not be entered but by such as received a Ring,

Ring, or some other token, from a Person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a Garland of Roses and Marbles on his head, and on his shoulders a Robe like an Imperial Mantle, white and unspotted, all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden Turtle Doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of *Hymen*, and was seated near the Temple, in a delicious Bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by Woodbines, Jessamines, and Amaranths, which were as so many emblems of Marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the Temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the Mysteries that were performed in it. I had however the Curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backside of the Edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two Women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was *Discretion*, and of the other *Complacency*. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two Sisters, were immediately conducted by them into Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this Temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by Chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great Walk, or had been too well acquainted in the Thicket. The entrance of this gate was possessed by three Sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the Sisters was known by the name of *Levity*, who with the innocence of a Virgin, had

had the dress and behaviour of a Harlot. The name of the second was *Contention*, who bore on her right arm a Muff made of the skin of a Porcupine, and on her left carried a little Lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the Sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious Air, was always accompanied with a raveny *Cryid*, who generally marched before her with a little Mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a Stag. Her Garments were yellow, and her Complexion pale. Her Eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was *Jealousie*.

Having finished my observations upon this Temple, and its Votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called *The Temple of Lust*. The front of it was raised on *Corinthian* pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that Order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like *Ionic*. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of Goats, Sparrows, Heathen Gods, Satyrs, and Monsters made up of half Man and half Beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole Temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: On one side of me, I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with Bolts of Iron, and Locks of Adamant. There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleasure which led to it: All who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an Iron Wicket, which was kept by a dreadful Giant call'd

call'd *Ramparts*, that held a scourge of Scorpions in hand, and drove them into the only outlet from the Temple. This was a passage, so rugged, so uneven, choaked with so many Thorns and Briars, that it was a melancholy Spectacle to behold the pains and excruciations which both Sexes suffered who walked through it. The Men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infirm with old age. The Women wringing their hands, and tore their hair; and several of their Limbs before they could extricate themselves of the perplexities of the Path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this Vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of *Ambition* and *Avarice*, must be the subject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this Morning received the following Letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

SIR,
ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the Comedy of Love for Love: I hope you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the Bills, That it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq; and question not but it will bring me as great an Audience as ever was at the House since the Morocco Ambassador was there. I am,

(With the greatest Respect)

Your most Obedient, and most Humble Servant

Thomas Dogget

Being naturally an encourager of Wit, as well as bound in the quality of Censor, I returned the following answer

Mr. Dogget,
There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleasure which led to the Palace of Delight, through the ceremonies of the place, we went out as from a Prison, which was kept by a double Chain

I AM very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a Play, and have always looked upon you as the best of Comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second Act, and remain in the right-hand Box over the Pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.

No. 121. Tuesday, January 17. 1709.

Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi ejus.
Turbaris mirider extinctus passer ocellus.

From my own Apartment, January 16.

I Was recollecting the remainder of my Vision, when my Maid came to me, and told me, there was a Gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation, and therefore desired the Lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears: However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her Civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her Clothes were very rich but tarnished; and her Words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, If her Lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, That their Family was in very great Affliction. I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them. She then cast her eye upon my little Dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand,

derstand, that *Cupid*, her Lady's Lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her Lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come her self to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own Dog, (here I curtsied, and looking first at the Cur, and then on me) I said, Indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her Lady sent to me rather than to any other Doctor, and I hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess, I had some indignation to find my self treated like something below a Farrier; well knowing, that the best as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humour, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of the thing. I proceeded accordingly: Pray, Madam, said I, can you give me any methodical account of this Illness, and how *Cupid* was first taken? Sir, (said she) we have a little ignorant Country-Girl, who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one, that my Lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of Quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a Cousin of my own, but—Go, said I, Madam, (said I) you neglect the account of the sickness, while you are complaining of this Girl. No, no, (said she,) begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of Physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly Girl, after washing *Cupid*, let him stand half an hour in the window with his Collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour he began to bark very hoarse. He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; for these two nights last past, neither he nor my Lady have slept a wink. Has he (said I) taken any thing? (said she,) but my Lady says, he shall take any thing you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuit Powder, or the Cold Bath. Poor *Cupid* (continued she) has always been Pthysical, and as he lies under something like a Cham-cough, we are afraid it will end in Consumption. I then asked her, if she had brought him of his Water to shew me. Upon this, she stared me

face, and said, I am afraid, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you are not serious; but if you have any Receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my Mistress is not to be comforted. Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer; and after some short silence, proceeded in the following manner: I have considered the Nature of the Distemper, and the Constitution of the patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it is safest to put him into a course of Kitchen physick. In the mean time, to remove his parseness, it will be the most natural way to make *Cupid* his own Druggist; for which reason, I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much Powder as will lie on a great, of that noble remedy which the Apothecaries call *Adam Green*. Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch Baggage, and of a Character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves to every thing to the humours and passions of their Mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of Sense to superiority of Condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathizing with her Mistress in her follies, to fall a railing at her. You cannot imagine, said she, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this ugly Cur: If he dies we are the most unhappy family in town. She happened to lose a Parrat last year, which to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her Woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says, she was as innocent of the Bird's death as the Babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this every morning, that if *Cupid* should die, she would send the poor innocent Wench I was telling you of, to *Bride-well*.

well, and have the Milk-woman tried for her life at Old-Baily, for putting water into his milk. In short, talks like any distracted Creature.

Since it is so, young Woman, (said I) I will by no means let you offend her, by flaying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary; and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those Evils and Distempers that are necessary or natural to humane life, I find a task growing upon me, since by these accidental Causes and acquired Calamities, (if I may so call them) my Patients contract distempers to which their constitution of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the Fair Sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, by any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of Love, as Husbands, or Children, such Virgins have exactly at such a year grown fond of Lap-dogs, Parrats, or other Animals. I know at this time a celebrated Toaft, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her Admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her Cat, one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our Sex as theirs. A Roman Emperor had so very great an esteem for an Horse of that he had thoughts of making him a Consul; and several Moderns of that rank of men, whom we call Country Squires, will not scruple to kiss their Hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their Wives that they had rather salute a Favourite of the pack, than the finest Woman in England. These voluntary friendships between Animals of different Species, seem to arise from Instinct; For which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the Squire and his Hound, to be of the same nature with that between the Lion and the Jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of

urkish Emperor. His horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his master built him a Stable of Marble, shod him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annexed to the Stable several fields and meadows, lakes, and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman Empire. To these were added a sumble train of Domesticks, consisting of Grooms, Farriers, Rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper Liveries and Pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of His life who had preserved the Emperor's.

By reason of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the Fardinal till the 20th of February next ensuing.

O. 122. Thursday, January 19. 1709.

in Theatrum Cato severa venisti.

From my own Apartment, January 18.

Find it is thought necessary, that I (who have taken upon me to censure the Irregularities of the age) should give an account of my Actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the Play on Monday last, is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my Example. It is true in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed my self in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of

N. B. A Person dressed for Isaac Bickerstaffe did appear at the Play-house on this occasion.

Virgil,

Virgil, when he entered a *Roman Theatre*, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly Rose up to do him honour, a respect which was never before paid to any but the Emperors. I must confess, that universal Clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the Theatre of *Great Britain*, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal Poet. I should be ungrateful at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shewn me by Mr. *Thomas Dogget*, who made his compliments to me between the Acts after a most ingenuous and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me that the company of Upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the *Haymarket*, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care during the whole Play to observe the Conduct of the *Drama*, and give no offence to my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an Audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual Spectator in publick diversions of this nature. Every one should on these occasions shew his Attention, Understanding, and Virtue. I would undertake to find out the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a Gentleman as much by his Laugh as his Bow. When we see the Footman and his Lord diverted by the same Jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's Quality may appear in his Understanding and Taste, the regard to Virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of Men, however they make a profession of it under the name of Honour, Religion, or Morality. When therefore we see any thing divert an Audience, either in Tragedy or Comedy, that strikes at the Duties of Civil Life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men who are fallen from the virtue of their Forefathers, and

will be contemptible in the eyes of their Posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the Lovers in this Comedy (which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents) received with an universal Approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in *Cicero*, which I could never read without being in love with the Virtue of a *Roman* audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of *Pyrrhus* and *Orestes*, on the noblest occasion that a Poet could invent to shew Friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by a passion which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the Tyrant, each of them strove who should be the Criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the Offender, the *Roman* Audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the Author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: But, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the *English* Stage.

The *Athenians*, at a time when they were the most powerful, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the Stage one of the chief parts of the Administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the Spirit of Virtue which appeared in that people upon some expressions in a Scene of a famous Tragedy; an account of which we have in one of *Seneca's* Epistles. A contentious Person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following Soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

Let me be called a Base man, so I am called a Rich one. A man is Rich, who asks if he is Good? The question is, how much we Have; not from Whence, or by what Means we have it. Every one has so much Merit as he has Wealth. For my own part let me be Rich, Oh ye Gods! or let me Die. No man dies Happily, who dies increasing his Treasure.
There

There is more pleasure in the possession of Wealth, than that of Parents, Children, Wife, or Friends.

The Audience were very much provoked by the words of this speech; but when the Actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole Assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury with a design to pluck him off the Stage, and brand the work it self with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the Author came out from behind the Scenes, begging the Audience to be composed for a little while, and that he should see the Tragical End which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a Criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a Speech so impious, as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a Modern Audience.

It is very natural for an Author to make ostentation in his readings, as it is for an Old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the Reader will excuse me, for once indulge my self in both these Inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single Spectator, let us reflect upon that of *Socrates*, in a particular which gives me an Idea of that extraordinary Man, as any circumstance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the Theatre, while he brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see his Art. On which occasion it is recorded of him, That he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a Tragedy of *Euripides*, who was his intimate friend; and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his Plays. In the midst of the Tragedy, which had met with very great success, he chanced to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but *Socrates* rose from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine Heuthen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of *Hippolitus*, who when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for an answer, That he had taken the oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the Baseness of his thoughts: But such an expression out of the mouth of the virtuous *Hippolitus*, was giving a sanction to falshood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my Vision.

No. 123. Saturday, January 21, 1709.

Audire atque rogare jubeo componere, quisquis Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amoros. Hon.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A Continuation of the vision.

WITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great Roads. I here joined my self to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with Lawrels, which were in-

termined with marble Trophies, carved Pillars and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Statesmen, Philosophers, and Poets. The persons who travelled up this great Path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great Road were several Paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them Covered Walks, and received into them men of Retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The Edifices at the extremity of the Walk were so contrived, that we could not see the *Temple of Honour* by reason of the *Temple of Virtus* which stood before it. At the gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddess of it, who conducted us into that of *Honour*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful triumphal Arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the Deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a Figure that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of *Eternity*. She sat on a Globe in the midst of a golden Zodiac, holding the figure of a Sun in one hand, and a Moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amidst the Sphere of Light which this Image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the *Temple of Honour*, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole Fabrick stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the *Temple of Vanity*. The Goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many Tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art, was to shew her self more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her

er breast : But what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of her Petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern Fardingale. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-thinkers, and prating Politicians ; with a rabble of those who have only Titles to make them Great Men. Female votaries crowded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea shore. I made it my business in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the Walks which led to this Temple ; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company : But upon examination I found, that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked Turns and Windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the *Temple of Virtue*, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several Alleys of these Wanderers had their particular ornaments : One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to Politicks, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the Inscription I found to be *Machiavel*, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a *Mercury*.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully everything that passed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the occurrences in that Assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This Body of travellers had not gone far in the third great Road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of Golden Sand : They often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed

med than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious Ore; for when the faintly walked off the earth, one might see in several parts of them veins of Gold, and rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, that the Deity of the place had forbid any of his Vicaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the Treasures they contained to any use under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood *The Temple of Avarice*, made after the manner of a Fortification, and surrounded with a thousand single-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called her self by the forged name of *Comptancy*, offered her self for our guide. She carried under her garment a Golden Bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors, before we entered the Temple. At the upper end of it sat the God of *Avarice*, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, encircled with heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of money, but he was naked and shivering with cold. On his right hand was a Fiend called *Rapine*, and on his left a particular favorite to whom he had given the Title of *Parasimony*. The first was his Collector, and the other his Cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the Temple, with respective Officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first table was kept the Office of *Corruption*. Seeing a Solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand with a Multiplication Table and an Almanack before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was master of. The Solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money in his hand, for which the other would give him one piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in favor of him. The name of this dextrous and successful Solicitor was

Erik

Bribery. At the next table was the Office of *Extortion*. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour, brought him in return, sacks full of the same kind of Coin. I saw at the same time a person called *Fraud*, who sat behind a Counter with false Scales, light Weights, and scanty Measures; by the skilful application of which Instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several Officers, or describe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many Old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on Bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very bangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Banders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole Assembly fell a trembling, and upon enquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this Phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the God of this loathsome Temple. The miserable Votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the Apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the Passion which I saw in this unhappy people to be of the same nature with those unaccountable Antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrensy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the

sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole Assembly was surpris'd, when, instead of paying my devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they saw me address my self to the Phantom.

“ Oh *Poverty* ! (said I) my first Petition to thee is
 “ That thou wouldst never appear to me hereafter ; but
 “ if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldst not
 “ bear a Form more terrible than that in which thou
 “ appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and
 “ menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or
 “ unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the
 “ needy. Let me not forget the person that has de-
 “ served well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, de-
 “ sert my Friend, my Principles, or my Honour.
 “ *Wealth* is to visit me, and to come with her usual at-
 “ tendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice*, do thou, Oh *Poverty*,
 “ hasten to my rescue ; but bring along with thee the
 “ two Sisters, in whose company thou art always chea-
 “ ful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

No. 131. Thursday, February 9. 1709

— *Scelus est jugulare salernum,
 Et dare Campano toxica fava mero.*

Sheer Lane, February 8.

There is in this City a certain fraternity of Chymic Operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous Philosophers are daily employed in the Transmigration of Liquors, and, by the power of Mag-

cal Drugs and Incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze *Bourdeaux* out of a *Sloe*, and draw *Champagne* from an *Apple*. Virgil, in that remarkable Prophecy,

Incultisque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

“ The ripening Grape shall hang on every Thorn.”

seems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of *Northern Hedges* into a Vineyard. These Adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to Her Majesty's Customs, but to the Bodies of many of her good Subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their respective Caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a Merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but these Gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be *French*, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the Court with great eloquence, That this new Corporation of Druggists had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and puzzled the College of Physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name nor cure. He accused some of giving all their customers Cholicks and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a run of Claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the Gout to a dozen of the healthfullest men in the city, provided that their Constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had

done to the Brains of the *English* nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person who would undertake to know by a man's Writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain Satyrst, whom he had discovered to be the Author of a Lampoon, by a manifest taste of the Sloe, which shewed it self in it by much Roughness, and little Spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations, which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats and animosities, that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern Enthusiasms and Agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated *Port*.

The Council for the Brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprised at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable Advocate had little to say in the defence of his Clients; but that they were under a necessity of making Claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is Prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court, that the lands in *Hertfordshire* were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war. So would it be a new beginning now. When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring

the several ingredients he made use of in distinct Phials which they had done accordingly, and ranged them in to two rows on each side of the Court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, that in one row of Phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then shewed me on the right hand one who went by the name of *Tim Timorn*, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his Colouring of any Vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a glass of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale *Burgundy*. Two more of the same kind brightened it into a perfect *Langendoc*: From thence it passed into a florid *Hermitage*: And after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep *Pomack*. This ingenious *Vernuoso* seeing me very much surprised at his art, told me, That he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring: But that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the Cyder of one Apple take only a *Vermilion*, when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark Purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, That he could hit the different shades and degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Rose, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had *Rhenish* or *Moselle*, *Perry* or *White Port*, to work in. I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this *Vernuoso*, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a *Scarlet-Dyer*. The Artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: Upon which the famous *Harry Sippet* stepped out,

and asked me, What I would be pleased to drink? At the same time he filled out three or four White liquors in a glass, and told me, that it should be what I pleased to call for; adding very learnedly, That the liquor before him was as the naked Substance or First Matter of the compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleased. Finding him so great a Philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right *Bordeaux*. Coming, Coming, Sir, (said he) with the air of a Drawer; and after having cast his eyes on the several tastes and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little Cruet that was filled with a kind of Ink-y juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white-wine, presented it to me, and told me, This was the wine over which most of the business of the last Term had been dispatched. I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drop which he held up in his Cruet as the Quintessence of *English Bordeaux*, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my Chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon my self, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding she flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a Creature more Tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent Domettick, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured Creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than a kind of Assassins and Murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, That they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintances.

tance, and take to some honest livelihood, without loss of time.

For my own part, I am resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogsheds of the best Stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

No. 133. Tuesday, February 14. 1709.

Dum tacent, clamant.

Tull.

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive Eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a Great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. *Homer* compares the noise and clamour of the *Trojans* advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the *Greeks*, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more Eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the Northern regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their publick devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to it self, and supposed to swell with

With such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have my self been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of musick, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methoughts this short interval of silence has had more musick in it than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of Silence in the two greatest Poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of *Ajax*, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssy*. *Ulysses*, who had been the Rival of this Great Man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his Shade in the region of departed Heroes, makes his submission to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb fullen majesty, and such a silence, as (to use the words of *Longinus*) had more greatness in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in *Virgil*, where the Poet, doubtless imitates this silence of *Ajax* in that of *Dido*; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. *Dido*, finding among the shades of despairing Lovers, the Ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which *Dido* receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting Lover, and an injured Queen; and is so far from returning an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The Poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of *Myrtle*, and into the arms of Another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have often thought our writers of Tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of *Venice Preserved*, where *Pierre* is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the Wheel, by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to recal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an idea of such a complicated distress in the Actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many Readers to give rules and directions for proper Silence, as for *Peeping a Whiffer*. But it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly Surprise, Admiration, Astonishment, nay, Rage it self, there is nothing more graceful than to see the Play stand for a few moments, and the Audience fixed in an agreeable suspense during the Silence of a skilful Actor.

But Silence never shews it self to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its Majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether Divine. When one considers this subject only in its Sublimity, this great Instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to shew the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if possible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroick acts of a Great Mind. And I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men of Antiquity, I do not so much admire them

them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of Worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleasure a Legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest Genius's that our own or any country has produced; After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Estate, in the usual form, he adds, "My Name and Memory I leave to foreign Nations," "and to my Countrymen, after some time be passed over."

At the same time that I recommend this Philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a Proficient in it my self, that if in the course of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my papers duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon Silence, without informing my Reader, that I have by me an elaborate Treatise on the *Apophyses* called an *Et cetera*, it being a Figure much used by some learned Authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Justice Coke observes, had a most admirable Talent at an *ov*.



Thursday,

No. 146. *Thursday, March 16. 1709.*

*Permiste; ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quaque dabunt Di.
 Glorior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
 Impulsu et ceca magnaque cupidine ducti
 Conjugium petimus, partemque uxoris; at illis
 Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.* Juv.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various fets of Correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their Cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his Letter to me from the Banks of a purling Stream, where he used to ruminate in Solitude upon the divine *Clarissa*, and where he is now looking about for a convenient Leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured Woman. Poor *Lavinia* presses as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of *Philander*, that she tells me she writes her Letter with her Pen in one hand, and her Garter in the other. A Gentleman of an ancient family in *Norfolk* is almost out of his wits upon account of a Greyhound, that after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another (who I believe is serious) complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on *Bagshot* Heath; and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had

had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a Calamity in humane life that has not produced me a Letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and Houses, Sheep and Oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a Muff, a Scarf, or a Tipper, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A Lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. *Flavia*, who had buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her Parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect of a Ball or an Assembly? *Mopsa* has kept her chamber ever since the last Masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than *Clarinda* from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear Creatures the only sufferers by such Imaginary calamities: Many an Author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an Idiot; and many a Heroe cast into a fit of Melancholy, because the Rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. *Torren* places all his happiness in a running Horse, *Suffenus* in a gilded Chariot, *Fulvius* in a Blue string, and *Floris* in a Tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but a misery is not to be measured from the Nature of the Evil, but from the Temper of the Sufferer. I shall present my Readers, who are unhappy either in Reality or Imagination, with an Allegory, for which I am indebted to the great Father and Prince of Poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my Elbow-chair, I took up *Homer*, and dipped into that famous Speech of *Achilles* to *Priam*, in which he tells him, that *Jupiter* has by him two great Vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he might choose a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my Imagination into the following Dream.

When

When *Jupiter* took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of Nature, with the presiding Deities, did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of Winds, another with a magazine of Hail, and a third with a pile of Thunder-bolts. The Stars offered up their Influences, the Ocean gave in his Trident, the Earth her Fruits, and the Sun his Seasons. Among the several Deities who came to make their Court on this occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great Tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the Right hand of *Jupiter* as he sat upon his Throne, and the other on his Left. The first was filled with all the Blessings and the other with all the Calamities of humane life. *Jupiter*, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this Iron age, poured very plentifully out of the Tun that stood at his Right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his Blessings, he set abroad the other Vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falshood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of humane nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole Species, except *Deucalion and Pyrrha*, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the Blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up till the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three Sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several Blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were Cities, Palaces, and Courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but Envy, Repining, Uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the Left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered Content, Cheerfulness, Health,

Health, Innocence, and other the most substantial Blessings of life, in Cottages, Shades, and Solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the Trust which *Jupiter* had committed to them. They observed, that several Blessings had degenerated into Calamities, and that several Calamities had improved into Blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found Power with so much Insolence and Impudence cleaving to it, that it became a Misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of Old age: Wealth was often united to such a lordly Avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of Poverty. On the contrary, they often found Pain made glorious by Fortitude, Poverty lost in Content, Deformity beautified with Virtue. In a word, the Blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the Calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprize to the three Sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several Blessings and Calamities which had never been in either of the Tumblers that stood by the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of humane creatures. Such are Dress, Title, Place, Equipage, false Shame, and groundless Fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according

according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the Blessings and Calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly, the eldest Sister presenting her self before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

O Jupiter! (*says she*) we have gathered together all the Good and Evil, the Comforts and Distresses of humane life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee that thou thy self wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beside thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a humane creature, and what will prove a Blessing or a Calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.

No. 147. *Saturday, March, 18. 1709.*

Ut amaris amabilis esto.

Ovid.

From my own Apartment, March 18.

Reading is to the mind, what Exercise is to the body: As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply our selves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After

After this Preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical Fable of the great Poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him: And this I particularly design for the use of several of my correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their Husbands and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says *Homer*, seeing her *Jupiter* seated on the top of mount *Ida*, and knowing that he conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make her self amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber where she bathed her self in *Ambrosia*, which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odour, that it refreshed all nature, and sweetened both Heaven and Earth. She let her immortal Tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the Poet describes at length, and which the Goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to *Venus*, the Deity who presides over Love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, says the Goddess, I would make use of them to reconcile the two Deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at present, are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed. *Venus* was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a Goddess, and therefore made her a present of the *Cestus* which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom, till she had accomplished her intention. This *Cestus* was a fine party-coloured girdle, which as *Homer* tells us, had all the attractions of the Sex wrought into it. The four principal Figures in the embroidery were Love, Desire, Fondness of speech, and Conversation, filled with that Sweetness and Complacency which, says the Poet, insensibly steals away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came as by accident into the presence of *Jupiter*, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces without the consent of their parents. *Juno*, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told *Venus*, that she was going to make a visit to *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any Mortal, Goddess, or even Her self, had appeared to him till that day. The Poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of *Vulcan*, according to *Juno's* direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount *Ida*, while the earth beneath them sprung up in *Lotus's*, *Saffrons*, and *Hyacinths*, a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in *Homér*, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. The rare of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *Cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every Female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to *Tethys*; in the speech where *Juno* addresses her self to *Venus*; as the chaste and prudent management of a Wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the concealment of the *Cestus* in her bosom.

I shall leave this Tale to the consideration of such good Housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their Husbands: As also to those prudent Ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their Husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a Taste of 216 *Hogheads which are to be put to sale at 20l. a Hoghead, at Garraway's Coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the 22d. instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in May Long's Vaults from the 20th. instant till the time of sale.* This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my Judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a Jury of Men of nice palates and strong heads, who being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their Verdict till three in the morning; at which time the Foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, Extra-a-a-ordinary French Claret. For my own part, as I love to consult my Pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my Sentence, and this morning confirmed the Verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my Correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give Judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen Bottles of it. I must at the same time do my self the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind, as it is well known to a Butcher in *Clare-Market*, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a Fishmonger, consisting of a Collar of Brawn, and a Joll of Salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kind, I had the integrity to eat them both up without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the Diet of this great City, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers, that it may not be said hereafter, my Readers were better taught than fed.

Tuesday

No. 148. Tuesday, March 21. 1709.

*Gustus elementa per omnia quarunt,
inquam animo pretis obstantibus* — Juv.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

Having intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the Diet of this great City, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed Readers, that they would turn to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to Beef and Mutton. This was that Diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of *Cressy* and *Agincourt*. I need not go up so high in the history of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, who is well known to have eaten up a Dun Cow of his own killing. The renowned King *Arthur* is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted Ox (which is certainly the best way to preserve the Gravy;) and he further added, that he and his Knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The *Black Prince* was a professed lover of the Roast; not to mention the history of the Sirloin, or the Institution of the Order of Beef-eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike Predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient Gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot Roast beef; and I am credibly informed by an Antiquary who has searched the Registers in which the Bills of Fare of the Court are recorded, that instead of Tea and Bread and Butter, which have prevailed of late years, the Maids of Honour in *Queen Elizabeth's* time were allowed three Rumps of Beef

Beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant Countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust Constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word Sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do Beef-eater in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of Lamb, Veal, Chicken, and other Animals under Age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome mark of *Daniel* the Historian, who takes notice, That all taxes upon Provisions, during the reigns of several of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such Fowl and Cattle as were arrived at their growth, and were mature for slaughter. The Common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their Ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great measure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: For I would desire my Reader to consider what work our countrymen would have made at *Hann* and *Ramillies*, if they had been fed with Fricassee and Ragousts.

For this reason we at present see the florid Complexion, the strong Limb, and the hale Constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, who live in the Wild Gentry, who have been educated among woods and mountains: Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the Athletick Constitution of their Progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged, generation of Valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notions, but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonour that sometimes happen in great families to the intemperate kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it: As Physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to Fevers. I look upon a *French Ragoust* to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; when I have seen a young Lady swallow all the ingredients

ons of high Soupes, seasoned Sauces, and forced Meats,
I have wondered at the Despair or tedious sighing of her
lovers.

The rules among these false delicacies, are to be as con-
tradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for
appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural
form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season,
and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to
ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their Senses,
but what would offend those of their Inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's
house, who is a great admirer of the *French* cookery,
and (as the Phrase is) *eats well*. At our sitting down, I
found the table covered with a great variety of unknown
dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were,
and therefore did not know where to help my self.
That which stood before me I took to be a roasted Por-
cupine, however did not care for asking questions; and
have since been informed, that it was only a larded Tur-
key. I afterwards passed my eye over several Hashes,
which I do not know the names of to this day; and
hearing that they were Delicacies, did not think fit
to meddle with them.

Among other Dainties, I saw something like a Phea-
sant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it;
but to my great surprize, my friend told me it was a
Rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At
last I discovered, with some joy, a Pig at the lower end
of the table, and begged a Gentleman that was near it to
cut me a piece of it. Upon which the Gentleman of the
house said with great civility, I am sure you will like the
Pig, for it was whipped to death. I must confess, I heard
him with horror, and could not eat of an Animal that
had died such a tragical death: I was now in great hun-
ger and confusion, when, methought, I smelled the a-
greeable savour of Roast-beef, but could not tell from

which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble Sirloin on the Side-table smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial *English* dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for *French* kickshaws.

The Dessert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several Pyramids of candy'd sweetmeats, that hung like Icicles with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of Cream-beaten up into a Snow, and near them little plates of Sugar-plumbs, disposed like so many heaps of Hail-stones, with a multitude of Congelations in Jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them, and was half angry with the rest of the company, that for the sake of a piece of Lemmon-peel, or a Sugar-plumb, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of Ice, which they had just before been burning with Salts and Peppers.

As soon as this show was over I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house: For as I love every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, chearful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my Maxim, That *he keeps the greatest table, who has the most valuable company at it.*

Thursday

No. 152. Thursday, March 30. 1710.

*Di, quibus Imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
 Et Chaos, et Phlegæthon; loca nocte silentia lata,
 Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
 Pandere res alta terræ et caligine mersas.*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A Man who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past Ages, or raise Schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of Eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the Soul's Immortality, and reading the several notions which the wisest of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest Philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, that men of the most exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a Prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of humane creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen Author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the State of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the Regions of the Dead, in order to consult *Tiresias* how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the Gods. The Poet scarce introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his Reader, and designs his description of the Dead for the amendment of the Living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, sat him down by the pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of Ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the Heroe, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew, was the shade of *Elpenor*, who, to shew the activity of a spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before *Ulysses*, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This *Elpenor*, to inspire the Reader with a detestation of Drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the Dead, describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs *Ulysses*, that for the repose of his Soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. *Ulysses* with great sorrow of heart promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The Ghost of his own Mother *Anticlea*, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitude of Shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. *Ulysses* was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: But being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing *Tiresias*, does not reveal himself to his Mother, till he had consulted that great Prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the Empire of the Dead. *Tiresias* having cautioned him to keep himself and his Companions free from the guilt of Sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the Gods, promises him a return to his

his Kingdom and Family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The Poet having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his Reader in suspense, represents his Wife man, after the dispatch of his business with *Tiresias*, as yielding himself up to the calls of affection, and making himself known to his Mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, *Oh my Son!* and enquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other hand desires to know, what the sickness was that had sent her into those Regions, and the condition in which she had left his Father, his Son, and more particularly his Wife. She tells him, they were all Three inconsolable for his absence; and as for my self, says she, *That was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your Welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my Soul from my Body. Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his Mother to his bosom and weep over her.*

This gives the Poet occasion to describe the notion the Heathens at that time had of an unbodied Soul, in the excuse which the Mother makes for seeming to withdraw her self from her Son's embraces. *The Soul, says she, is composed neither of Bones, Flesh, nor Sinews, but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral Pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burthen, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.*

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the Poet draws up to view as charming a Vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to *Ulysses*, to have been the Shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the Daughters of Kings, the Mistresses of Gods, or Mothers of Heroes; such as *Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle*, and several others

others of whom he gives a Catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful Assembly of Apparitions were all gathered together about the Blood. Each of them, says *Ulysses*, (as a gentle Satyr upon Female vanity) *giving me an account of her Birth and Family*. This Scene of extraordinary Women seems to have been designed by the Poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole Sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The Circle of Beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several *Grecian Heroes* who had been engaged with *Ulysses* in the siege of *Troy*. The first that approached was *Agamemnon*, the Generalissimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. *Ulysses*, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which *Agamemnon* related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a Banquet by the contrivance of his own Wife, in confederacy with her Adulterer: From whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole Sex, after a manner which would be incredible in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. *My Wife* (says he) *has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the World, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your Wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You need have nothing to fear from your Penelope; she will not use you as my Wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a Woman*. The Poet, in this and other instances, according to the System of many heathen as well as christian Philosophers, shews, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the Soul had contracted in the body, subsist and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the Poet in the next description assigns to *Achilles*. *Achilles* (says the Heroe) *came up to me with Patroclus*
and

and Antilochus. By which we may see that it was *Homer's* opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. *Achilles* enquires after the welfare of his Son, and of his Father, with a fierceness of the same character that *Homer* has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his Son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. *Ulysses*, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his Behaviour whilst he lay in the wooden horse. *Most of the Generals* (says he) *that were with us, either wept or trembled: As for your Son, I never saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his Sword, or grasp his Spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.* He then informs his Father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before *Troy*, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of *Achilles*, says the Poet, was so pleased with the account he received of his Son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This last circumstance of a deceased Father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his Son, is very finely contrived by *Homer*, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of *Ajax*, which follows, and his refusing to speak to *Ulysses*, who had won the Armour of *Achilles* from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When *Ulysses* relates the sullennels of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the Heroe, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. *Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles.* The same noble condescension, which never dwells but

in truly great minds, and such as *Homer* would represent that of *Ulysses* to have been, discovers it self likewise in the speech which he made to the Ghost of *Ajax* on that occasion. *Oh Ajax!* says he, *Will you keep your resentments even after death? what destructions hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks by robbing them of you, who was their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: Let me entreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you.* *Ajax* without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of Ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these Visions, took a view of those impious Wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of Divine Vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the Heroes that lived in the ages before him, the Ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous Spectre should appear to him, that might terrifie him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my Reader will be pleased with this description of a Future State, represented by such noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the Light of Nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

Saturday,

No. 153. *Saturday, April 1. 1710.*

*Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur.
Farn. Rhet.*

From my own Apartment, March 31.

Have heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the Age in which it was drawn, represented sitting together in a Circle, and joining a Consort of Musick. Each of them plays upon such a particular Instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola-painter those times, to shew the grandeur and boldness of his pictures, hath a Horn in his mouth, which he seems to sound with great strength and force. On the contrary, the eminent Artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a Theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to my self, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of musick; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great City might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several Instruments that are in use among the Masters of Harmony. Of these therefore in their order, and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth and a torrent of words, domineer in publick assemblies, over-bear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, hu-

F 7

mour,

mour, or good breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with Ladies who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by it self, or in a very small consort. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will shew it self to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutanists therefore are men of a fine Genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an Instrument that has in it no compass of musick, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five Notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow Parts, weak Judgments, and a short reach of Understanding; a Play-house, a Drawing-room, a Ball, a Visiting day, or a Ring at *Hide-park*, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet however is a necessary Instrument about a Court, and a proper enlivener of a Consort, though of no great harmony by it self.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of Imagination, sharpness of Repartee, glances of Satyr, and beat away the upper part in every Consort. I cannot how-

ever but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear Musick, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the Consort, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horses, Quick-set-hedges, and Six-bar-gates, Double ditches, and Broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few Notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a Drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious Story-tellers, the load and burthen of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify a half-penny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this Island are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are so very few who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective,

tive, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsicords, a kind of musick which every one knows is a Consort by it self.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in it self, and mortifying to humane nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and publick tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-bone and Cleaver.

My Reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon Male Instruments, having reserved my Female Consort to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in *Sheer-Lane*. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a chrystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods and flowry meadows; which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-violis are frequently to be found over a glass of Stale-beer, and a pipe of Tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at *Will's* once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of *Charing-cross*.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my Reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his musick for the future.

For

For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished my self a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musicks, I look upon my self, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess with great confusion, that I find my self daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the consort by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a Letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to sit the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

Dear Isaac,

I intend to have a Consort at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsicord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: Let me beg you to put your self in tune, and believe me

Your very faithful Servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.



Thesday,

No. 154. Tuesday, April 4. 1710.

Obscuris vera involvens.

Virg. Æn. L. 6.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined *Homer's* description of a Future State, and the condition in which he hath placed the Souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which *Virgil* hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of Genius, had all the lights of Philosophy and humane Learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries. *Æneas* is represented as descending into the Empire of Death, with a Prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, *Virgil* describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of Death. Of the first kind are the Shadows of *Sickness*, *Old age*, *Fear*, *Famine*, and *Poverty* (Appearances very terrible to behold;) with several others, as *Toll*, *War*, *Contention*, and *Discord*, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of humane Souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles *Death*, the Poet tells us, that *Sleep*, whom he represents as a near relation to *Death*, hath likewise his habitation in these quarters, and describes it as a huge gloomy Elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of *Dreams*, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons who very naturally lie within the shadow of the *Dream-tree*, as being of the same kind of make in themselves.

and the materials or (to use *Shakespear's* phrase) the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the Shades of the Giant with a hundred hands, and of his Brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped *Censaur*, and *Scylla*; the *Gorgon* with snakey hair; the *Harpy* with a Woman's face and Lion's talons; the seven-headed *Hydra*; and the *Chimera*, which breaths forth a flame, and is a compound of three Animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the Dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of Fancy, which the Soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of Death.

Thus far *Aeneas* travels in an Allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonick Philosophy. I shall not trouble my Reader with a common dull Story, that gives an account why the Heathens first of all supposed a Ferryman in Hell, and his name to be *Charon*; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which *Virgil* hath very much insisted upon in this book, that the Souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, till they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of *Stryx*. This was probably an invention of the Heathen Priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper Rites and Ceremonies to the Memory of the dead. I shall not however, with the infamous Scriblers of the age, take occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against Priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their Forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of Posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the Virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the Soul's Immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinions relating to the Shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by
some

some of our Divines in regard to the rigid Doctrines concerning the Souls of such who die without being initiated into our Religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed Dog laid asleep, but *Aeneas* makes his entrance into the Dominions of *Pluto*. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the Borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon Earth. The first of these are the Souls of Infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends: The second, are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, *Virgil* adds with great beauty, that *Minos*, the Judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The Poet, after having mentioned the Souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation; *Oh! how gladly, says he, would they now endure life with all its miseries! But the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable.* It is very remarkable, that *Virgil*, notwithstanding Self-murder was so frequent among the Heathens, and had been practis'd by some of the Greatest Men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a Crime. But in this particular he was guided by the Doctrines of his Great Master *Plato*, who says on this subject, that a Man is placed in his station of life like a Soldier in his proper Post, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his Commander who planted him in it.

There

There is another point in the Platonick Philosophy, which *Virgil* has made the ground-work of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty Materialized (If I may so call it) a scheme of abstracted Notions, and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of Philosophy in sensible images, and Poetical Representations. The Platonists tell us, That the Soul, during her residence in the Body, contracts many virtuous and vicious Habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful Being; a substance inflamed with Lust, avarice, and Pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: That these and the like Habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the Soul, survive and gather strength after her dissolution: That the torments of a vicious Soul in a future State, arise principally from those unfortunate Passions which are not capable of being satisfied without a Body; and that on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime Speculations, innocent Diversions, sociable Affections, and all the ecstasies of Passion and Rapture which are agreeable to reasonable Natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation, the Poet raises that beautiful description of the secret Haunts and Walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceased Lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lyes a great waste of plains, that are called the *Fields of Melancholy*. In these there grows a Forest of Myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with Love. The Passion, says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own *Dido* makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantick Scene, with the Shade of her first husband *Sichæus*.

The Poet in the next place mentions another Plain that is peopled with the Ghosts of Warriors, as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise

cise of arms. He there represents the Grecian Generals and common Soldiers who perished in the Siege of Troy, as drawn up in Squadrons, and terrified at the approach of *Aeneas*, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notion, gives a view of the Trojan Heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary Scene of Chariots and Arms, flowing Meadows, shining Spears, and generous Steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon Earth, and now make up their happiness in *Elysium*. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing Pæans, and songs of Triumph, amidst a beautiful Grove of Laurel. The chief of the consort was the Poet *Museus*, who stood in close with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of Shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy Spirits; to shew the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, marked round with a Lake of fire, strengthened with towers of Iron, encompassed with a triple Wall, and fortified with Pillars of Adamant, which all the Gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of Stripes, the clank of Chains, and the Groans of the tortured, strike the pious *Aeneas* with a kind of horror. The Poet afterwards divides the Criminals into two Classes: The first and blackest Catalogue consists of such as were guilty of Outrages against the Gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of Injustice between man and man: The greatest number of whom, says the Poet, are those who followed the dictates of Ambition.

It was an Opinion of the Platonists, that the Souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of Vice and Ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of Poetry, describes some Spirits as bleaching in the winds, others

others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their Natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of Philosophers, that the Souls of all men exist in a separate state long before their Union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of Pre-existence; so that what we here call Knowledge, is nothing else but Memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, *Virgil* gives us a view of several Souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river *Lethe*, and will themselves with the waters of Oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where *Anchises* is represented taking a survey of the long train of Heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his Son *Æneas* an account of all the Glories of his race.

I need not mention the Revolution of the Platonick Year, which is but just touched upon in this Book; and as I have consulted no Authors thoughts in this explanation, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished Poet more agreeable to my Female Readers, when they think fit to look into *Dryden's Translation* of it.



Thursday;

No. 155. Thursday, April 6. 1710.

— *Aliena negotia curat*
Excussus propriis. —

Hor.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brow, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest Newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Post-man*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see whether there were any *Dutch* Mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in *Poland* than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King *Augustus's* welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a Westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite Prince left the Crown of *Poland*, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in *James's Park*, I heard some body at a distance hemming after me: And who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty.

erty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: Forwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black Garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, Whether the last Letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, No. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, What are your thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? (for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great *Moroch*.) I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the best Heroes of the Age. But pray, says he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound? and finding me surprized at the question, Nay, says he, I only promise it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, says he, more than in any other part of the Body? Because, says I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the *North*; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English-post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The *Daily-courant*, says he, has these words, *We have advices from very good hands, that a certain Prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.* This is very mysterious; but the *Post-boy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, *That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring to light.* Now the *Post-man*, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words; *The late conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of speculation.* This certain Prince, says the Upholsterer, whom they are all so cau-

cautious of naming, I take to be — upon which though there was no body near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the Bench. These I found were all of them Politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance I sat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great assertor of Paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from *Muscovy*, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black sea, which might in time do hurt to the Navy Forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have arisen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince *Manzikoff*, and the Dutchess of *Mirandola*. He backed his assertions with many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave our selves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born *Englishmen*, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestants side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the *West-Indies*, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the *Leeward Islands*. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants

om these parts of *Europe*, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muscovy* stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the *Roman* Catholick dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present Negotiations of peace, in which he deposed Princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of *Europe*, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him Half-a-Crown, out of compassion to so needy a Statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleas'd, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Constantinople*; which he very readily accepted, but before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of *Europe* now stand.

This Paper I design for the particular Benefit of those worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee house than their Shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their customers.



Saturday,

No. 156. Saturday, April 8. 1710

Sequiturque Patrem non passibus aquis. Virg.

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of *Homer* the voyage of *Ulysses* to the Infernal Shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful Romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of *Cambray*, we may see the Son of *Ulysses* bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The story of *Telemachus* is formed altogether in the Spirit of *Homer*, and will give an unlearned Reader a notion of that great Poet's manner of writing, more than any Translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince, who one day sit upon the Throne of *France*, the Author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his Pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the Misery of Bad, and the Happiness of Good Kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of *Homer*, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The Prelate in several places mixes himself with the Poet; so that his Future State puts in mind of *Michael Angelo's* last Judgment, where *Chiron* and his Boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful Solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark and

ues of Death in the retinue of *Mercury*, who every day delivers up a certain tale of Ghosts to the Ferryman of *Styx*, is admitted into the infernal Bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the Shade of *Nebopharzong*, King of *Babylon*, and Tyrant of all the *East*. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four Slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of that country, in order to attend him among the Shades. The Author having described this Tyrant in the most odious colours of Pride, Insolence, and Cruelty, tells us, that his four Slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with Reproaches and Affronts for his past usage; that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to shew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a Chain, in order to drag him before the Tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the Bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of Shades, who upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the Palace of *Pluto*, who is described as seated on his Throne in terrible Majesty, with *Proserpine* by his side. At the foot of his Throne was the pale hideous Spectre, who, by the Ghastliness of his visage, and the Nature of the apparitions that surrounded him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are *Melancholy*, *Distrust*, *Revenge*, *Hatred*, *Avarice*, *Despair*, *Ambition*, *Envy*, *Impiety*, with frightful *Dreams*, and waking *Cares*, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The Author, with great beauty, places near his frightful *Dreams* an assembly of *Phantoms*, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young Heroe, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of Criminals that lay in torture among Clouds of Sulphur, and Torrents of Fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for. To which is added,

ded a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be sanity, in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the Author, are malicious Criticks, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash Judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These Granges, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Isidore, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that Region of Torments in which wicked Kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of Imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of Ambition, Vanity, Hardness of Heart, and all those secret Affections of Mind that enter into the composition of a Tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large Mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting denision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bellowed upon them while they sat upon their respective Thrones. She too, says the Author, presents a Mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness or the cruelty which they formerly exercised; they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several Slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The Author having given us a description of these ghastly Spectres, who says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning Vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop,

and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing Scene of Groves, filled with the Melody of Birds, and the Odours of a thousand different Plants. These Groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and never-fading Spring. This, says the Author, was the habitation of those good Princes who were friends of the Gods, and parents of the people. Among these, *Tamachus* converses with the Shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the Joys of *Elysium*, and the nature of its inhabitants. The Residence of *Sappho* among these happy Shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle Light which overflows these happy Regions, and cloths the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this Author was accused of by his enemies in the Church of *Rome*; but however it may look in Religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in Poetry.

The rays of the Sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of Glory, than that of Light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the Sun-beams pass through crystal; it strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates it self with the very substance of the soul: The spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy, that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the Soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and amusements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy Spirits who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to its self, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all

the transports of Inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my Readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these Prospects of Futurity, whether grounded upon the probable Suggestions of a fine Imagination, or the more severe Conclusions of Philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the Discoveries or Conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burthen of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of Mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of humane Grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, Power disappears; Pain, Poverty, and Death fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an Hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

No. 158. Thursday, April 13. 1710.

Faciunt ne intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

TO M Folio is a Broker in learning, employed to get together good Editions, and stock the Libraries of great men. There is not a Sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an Auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a Subscription got forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the Proposals; nor a Catalogue printed, the

doth not come to him wet from the Press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the Title-page of all Authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the Editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, than for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Herodotus*, he breaks out into a Panegyrick upon *Harry Stephens*. He thinks he gives you an account of an Author, when he tells the Subject he treats of, the Name of the Editor, and the Year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the Paper, extols the diligence of the Corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the Letter. This he looks upon to be sound Learning and substantial Criticism. As for those who talk of the Fineness of style, and the Justness of thought, or describe the Brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned Idiot, (for that is the light in which I consider every Pedant) when I discovered in him some little touches of the Coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the Republick of Letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain Author upon a passage of *Virgil's* account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of *Tom's* pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe *Virgil*, or have any relish of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Reader with it, I found upon the whole, that *Tom* did not believe a future state of Rewards and Punishments, because *Aeneas*, at his leaving the Empire of the dead, passed through the gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that *Tom*

had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that *Virgil* possibly had his oversights as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in *Daniel Heinsius's* Edition. I have perused him myself several times in that Edition, continued he; and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: One of them is in the *Aeneid*, where there are two Comma's instead of a Parenthesis; and another in the third *Georgick*, where you may find a Semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not *Virgil's* faults but those of the Transcriber. I do not design it, says Tom, as a reflection on *Virgil*: On the contrary, I know that all the Manuscripts reclaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, what would a man give to see one Simile of *Virgil* writ in his own hand? I asked him which was the Simile he meant; but was answered, Any Simile in *Virgil*. He then told me all the secret history in the Commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of *Europe*; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully perswaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's Clarks who are professed admirers of *Tasso* without understanding a word of *Italian*; and one in particular, that carries a *Pastorale* in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the Clearness of the character.

There is another kind of Pedant, who, with all Tom *Folio's* impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are Editors,

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Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts, and Criticks; and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the Author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage it self not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful Poems that have been composed by any of their Contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of Antiquity as a modern Author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write Volumes upon a single Sonnet that is originally in Greek or Latin; give Editions of the most immoral Authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently shew they have no taste of their Authors; and that what they do in this kind, is not out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or insensibility of temper.

A Pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:

*Un Pedant enyoré de sa vaine science,
Tous hérissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenu mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassé, n'a souvent fait qu'un Soc,
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La Raison ne voit goute, et le bon Sens ridoit.*

No. 160. Tuesday April 18. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A Common civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, till my Maid could get her self ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a Gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description he gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the *Upseller*, whom I met the other day in *St. James's Park*. For which reason, I bid her tell the Gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see no body, and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My Maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the Gentleman said he would stay at the next Coffee-house till I was stirring, and bid her be sure to tell me, that the *French* were driven from the *Scarp*, and that *Duway* was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my Maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, If her master was yet up? And at the same time bid her tell

me,

me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of Home-news that every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my Maid as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the Gentleman, that whatever his News was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The Wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose my self to Sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my Cloths in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my Chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these Volunteers in Politicks, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a First Minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprizing to consider how numerous this Species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a Taylor breaking his rest on the Affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of Porters sitting upon the Ministry. Our streets swarm with Politicians, and there is scarce a Shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the Upholsterer at the door, delivering a Letter to my Maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her Master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

Mr. Bickerstaffe,

Was to wait upon you a week ago, to let you know, that the honest Gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the Bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five Shillings of you, to give you a hundred Pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that Company would be willing to receive five Shillings, to pay a hundred Pounds, on the same Conditions. Our last advice from Muscovy making this a fairer Bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

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But this is not my present Business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your Indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private Circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other Transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not sleep a wink these three nights.

I have reason to believe, that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you last time we were together my opinion about the Duelle.

The honest Gentlemen upon the Bench bid me tell you, they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the Campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewel till three-a-Clock to-morrow morning. I am

Your most Humble Servant, &c.

P. S. The King of Sweden is still at Bender.

I should have fretted my self to death at this promise of a second Visit, if I had not found in his Letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my Maid to tie up the Knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my Morning's rest.

Thursday,

No. 161. Thursday, April 20. 1710.

*Numquam liberalis gratior exilis
Quam sub roge pio.*

From my own Apartment, April 19.

Was walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing my self with the reading of that ancient and beautiful Allegory, called *The Tale of Cebes*. I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest my self upon a Bench, that stood in the midst of an agreeable Shade. The musick of the Birds, that filled all the Trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a Dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing Author, who had made an impression upon my Imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied my self among the *Alpes*, and, as it is natural in a Dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, till at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several Mountains, I arrived at the very Centre of those broken Rocks and Precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of Hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, till I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another *Alpes* of Snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious Plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this Mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and

and grass, a brighter chrystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light it self had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonish'd at the discovery of such a Paradise amidst the wildness of those cold hoary Landships which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the *Goddess of Liberty*; whose presence softened the rigours of the Climate, enriched the barrenness of the Soil, and more than supplied the absence of the Sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of Flowers, that without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south-side of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turns and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the Spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of Meanders, it at last throws it self into the hollow of a mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of Rocks, and at length rises into that part of the *Alpes* where the inhabitants think it the first source of the *Rhone*. This river, after having made its progress through those Free Nations, stagnates in a huge Lake at the leaving of them, and no sooner enters into the regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the Sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them, beheld the Goddess sitting upon a Throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own Dominions, and nothing over her head but the Heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain Confidence growing in me, and such an inward Resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the Goddess sat the Genius of the Commonwealth, with the Cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a Wand, like that with which a Roman Citizen used to give his Slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a Mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in Letters of Blood, *The Ides of March*.

On the right hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest Ermin, and wore a Crown of the purest Gold upon her head. In her hand she held a Sceptre like that which is born by the *British* Monarchs. A couple of tame Lions lay crouching at her feet: Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror: Her voice was like the voice of an Angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this Goddess was *Eloquence*.

There were two other dependent Goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon an hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated on a little Island, that was covered with groves of Spices, Olives, and Orange-trees; and in a word, with the

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products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was *Plenty*, of the second *Commerce*. The first leaned her right arm upon a Plough, and under her left held a huge Horn, out of which she poured a whole Autumn of Fruits. The other wore a Rosal Crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a Compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and enclosures; till at length, methought, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of an hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowry Plain, and through the tops of trees which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner Declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with Snow, overgrown with huge forests of Fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the *Alps*. These trees were inhabited by Storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought, I was pleased in my Dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high till they are out of sight; and for that reason have been thought by some modern Philosophers to take a flight to the Moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination I found, that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an Iron Sceptre. Behind her was *Barbarity*, with the garb and complexion of an *Æthiopian*; *Ignorance* with a Turban upon her head; and *Persecution* holding up a bloody

flag, embroidered with Flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the Baggage of this army, I could discover Racks, Wheels, Chains, and Gibbets, with all the instruments Art could invent to make humane nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish Cassock, and leading a whole army of Monsters, such as Clemency, with a scarce voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a misshapen body and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of Brass; and Rapine, with hands of Iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter were so very great, that they disturbed my Imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked.

No. 162. Saturday, April 22. 1710.

Tertius à Coelo recidit Cato.

Juv. Sat. 2.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

In my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at Court, and indeed continued my pursuits till I arrived at my *Grand Climacterick*: but at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new Office, and for my encouragement, to place my self in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of *Censor of Great Britain*, reserving to my self all such Perquisites, Profits, and Emoluments as should arise out of the discharge of the said Office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for besides those weekly contributions which I receive from

from *John Morphew*, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to my self from the most elegant part of this great Island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of Wine, Stale beer, *Hungary-water*, Beef Books, and Marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on Court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the Character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old *Roman Consors*, whom I must always regard, not only as my Predecessors, but as my Patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart, with great impartiality, Whether *Cato* will not bear a more venerable figure among Posterity than *Bickerstaffe*?

I find the duty of the *Roman Consor* was twofold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the Office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great City. I have collected into particular bodies the *Dappers* and the *Smarts*, the *Natural* and *Affected Rakes*, the *Prety fellows* and the *Very prety fellows*. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties your *Pedants* and *Men of fire*, your *Gamesters* and *Politicians*. I have separated *Cits* from *Citizens*, *Free-thinkers* from *Philosophers*, *Wits* from *Snufftakers*, and *Duellists* from *Men of honour*. I have likewise made a calculation of *Esquires*, not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the Soft Sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several Centuries and Sub-divisions.

The second part of the *Roman Censor's* Office was to look into the Manners of the people, and to check any growing Luxury, whether in Diet, Dress, or Building. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my country-men in regard to Beef and Mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon Ragouts and Fricasies. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of Red heels to be seen within ten miles of *London*, which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the Petticoat is not so great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of Building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having only observed several Warehouses, nay, private Shops, stand upon *Corinthian* pillars, and whole rows of tin pots shewing themselves, in order to their sale, through a Sash-window.

I have likewise followed the example of the *Roman Censor*, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a Senator who had been guilty of great Immoralities out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his Brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several Worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of Dead men out of the vicious part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new Society of Upholsters, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the *Roman Censors* used to punish the Knights or Gentlemen of *Rome*, by taking away their Horses from them, I have seized the Canes of many Criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the Common people of *Rome*, they were

were generally chastised, by being thrown out of the higher Tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My Reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this Punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into Bombs, Squibs and Crackers, and another into Drums, Bass-viols, and Bagpipes; not to mention whole packs of Delinquents whom I have shut up in Kennels, and the new Hospital which I am at present erecting, for the reception of those of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment on the borders of *Moor-fields*. I shall only observe on this particular, that since some late surveys I have taken of this Island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor *Cato* the Elder stood for the Censorship of *Rome*, there were several other Competitors who offered themselves; and to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of a mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that Office. *Cato* on the contrary, to them, he presented himself as a Candidate, because he knew the Age was sunk in Immorality and Corruption, and that if they would give him their votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline as should recover them out of it. The Roman Historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the Publick-spiritedness of that people, who chose *Cato* for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account who, without any respect to party, or any application from my self, have made such generous Subscriptions for the Censor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my Old age, and which I esteem more than would any Post in *Europe* of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my Catalogue of Subscribers, which I intend to print Alphabetically in the front of my *Lucubrations*, I find the names of the greatest Beauties and Wits in the whole Island of Great Britain, which I only mention for the benefit of any

them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the Subscription in a very short time.

No. 163. Thursday, April 25. 1710.

Idem inficeto est inficior rure

Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam

Æque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit.

Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.

Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam

Quem non in aliqua re videre Sufficium

Possis

Carul. de Suffeno.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

Yesterday came hither about two hours before the Company generally make their appearance, with a sign to read over all the News-papers; but upon my going down, I was accosted by Ned Sashly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I so much hate as News. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never troubled my head about our Armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verses out of his Pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my judgment upon every one, for that we had time enough before us till the company came in.

Ned Sashly is a very pretty Poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite. And as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our

our *English* Poets, *Ned Sossly* has got all the bad without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to his reading, and garnish his conversation. *Ned* is indeed a true *English* Reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little *Gothick* ornaments of epigrammatic Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are frequent in the most admired of our *English* Poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding my self unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert my self as well as I could with so very good a Fellow. You must understand, says *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady who shewed me some verses of her own making, and perhaps the best Poet of our age. But you shall hear. Upon which he began to read as follows:

To Mire, on her incomparable Poem.

When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a Sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus self in Petticoats.

II

If fancy, when your Song you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Why, says I, this is a little Nofegay of conceits, a very lump of Salt: Every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the Dart in the last line is certainly pretty a sting in the tail of an Epigram (for so I think

our Criticks call it) as ever entered into the thought of Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, shaking me by the hand, every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over *Roscommon's* imitation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* three several times, before I sat down to write the Sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine.

That is, says he, when you have your Garland on; when you are writing verses. To which I replied, I know your meaning: A Metaphor! The same, said he, and went on:

And tune your soft melodious notes.

Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a Consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your opinion of it. Truly, said I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you say so, says he; but mind the next:

You seem a Sister of the Nine.

That is, says he, you seem a Sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were Nine of them, I remember it very well, said I; but pray proceed.

Or Phoebus self in Petticoats.

Phoebus, says he, was the God of Poetry. These little stances, Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, shew a gentleman's reading. When to take off from the air of Learning, which *Phoebus* and the Muses have given to this first Stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; in Petticoats?

Or

On Phœbus self in Petticoats.

Let us now, says I, enter upon the second Stanza. find the first line is still a continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy, when your Song you sing.

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the turn of words in those two Lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second Line it should be, *Your Song you sing*; *You sing your Song*. You shall hear them both;

I fancy, when your Song you sing,

(Your song you sing with so much art.)

O R,

I fancy, when your Song you sing,

(You sing your Song with so much art.)

Truly, said I, the Turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, says he, grasping me by the hand, you have a great deal of patience; but what do you think of the next verse?

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.

Think! says I; I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Goose. That was my meaning, says he; I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

My friend *Dick Easy*, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been Author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that *I* made *Mira's* Pen like a Quill in one of the lines, and a Dart in the other. But as to that — Oh! as to that, I, it is but supposing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, his Quills and Darts will be the same thing. He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen Critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, conveyed the Sonnet into his pocket, and whispered in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his had written it over fair.

No. 165. **Saturday, April 29. 1710.**

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between Realities and Appearances, and to separate Merit from the Pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in humankind, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false Colours and Resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the Learned World. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among Pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of Sense, either through modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their Stock of knowledge like a hidden treasure with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like Hypocrisy

crisy in religion, a Form of knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in noise and show, and finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow Species there is not a more impotent, empty, and conceited Animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critick. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the Sense and Soul of an Author, has a set of general rules, which, like Mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every Writer, and as they operate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unit, Style, Fire, Flegm, Bafie, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a positive Voice, and a Contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells together in Generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the Pedantry of Universities, and bursts into laughter when he mentions an Author that is known at *Will's*. He hath formed his judgment upon *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, not from their own works, but those of *Rapin* and *Bossu*. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a *French* Author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary Talents and Accomplishments, *Sir Timothy Tittle* puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as Judge of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in publick. It is impossible to represent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulsions, which *Sir Timothy* expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad Poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a Friend's house of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughter.

daughters, when in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a Chair, and desired leave to sit down, without any further ceremony. I asked him, Where he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied, That he was quite spent, and fell a curling in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A wicked Rogue — An execrable Wretch — Was there ever such a Monster —* The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, Whether any one had hurt him? he answered nothing, but still talked so himself. To lay the first Scene, says he, in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire! Is that all? says I: Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a Play this morning. *Been!* says he; I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a Lady's Bed-chamber, in a Dining-room, every where; the Rogue has led me such a dance — Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only Metaphorically weary. In short, Sir, says he, the Author has not observed a single Unity in his whole Play; the Scene shifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs. I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young Lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural Sense which makes her a better Judge than a thousand Criticks, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. For my part, says she, I never knew a Play take that was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! says he, Is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste. It is a pretty kind of Magick, says she, the Poets have to transport an Audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses. I could travel round the world at such a rate. 'Tis such an entertainment as an Enchantress finds when she fancies her self in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has

H

never

never stirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, says Sir *Timothy*, is by no means just. Pray, says she, let my Similes pass without a Criticism. I must confess, continued she, (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) I laughed very heartily at the last new Comedy which you found so much fault with. But Madam, says he, you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to shew me a single Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! says she, Pray who should hinder me? Madam, says he, there are such people in the world as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth. I have heard, says the young Lady, that your great Criticks are always very bad Poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a Dancing-master and a Gentleman. I must confess, continued she, I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad Comedy, than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, says Sir *Timothy*, That is not my fault, they should learn the art of writing. For my part, says the young Lady, I should think the greatest art in your writers of Comedies is to please. To please! says Sir *Timothy*; and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, says she, that is my opinion. Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the satisfaction of the young Lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprize, how this Gentleman by his ill-nature, folly and affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

Saturday

No. 192. Saturday, July 1. 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens. Hor.*From my own Apartment, June 30.*

SOME years since I was engaged with a Coach full of Friends to take a journey as far as the *Land's end*. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was sowed the very first evening by a plate of Butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the Coach before him, and placed myself on the shady side. This however was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when of a sudden Mr. *Sprightly* fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowzy behaviour, till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side *Exeter* I was taken with an unaccountable fit of Sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish Maid's calling me *The*

old Gentleman, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the *Land's-end*.

There was another Coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret Jealousies, Heart-burnings, and Animosities: For when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this Journey, I often fancy it to be a Picture of Humane Life in respect to the several Friendships, Contracts, and Alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between Man and Woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-moon. Some separate before the Child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while some few, whose Souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual contentments.

When we therefore chuse our companions for life, we hope to keep both them and our selves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct of our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new Beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in our selves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy

Union

Union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. Those, in my opinion, are Cheerfulness and Constancy. A Cheerful temper joined with Innocence, will make Beauty attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good-natured. It will lighten Sickness, Poverty, and Affliction; convert Ignorance into an amiable Simplicity, and render Deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest Birkleness, Violence and Passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of Happiness or Misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral Virtue, and a kind of Good-nature, that is not subject to any change of Health, Age, Fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unseat the best Dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a Constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed Passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting Tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story that is very well known in the North of England.

About thirty years ago, a Packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a Rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their Husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his Wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his Wife, told her, that for the good of their Children, it was better

one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the Ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my Reader know, that this faithful Pair who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the Husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his Wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of humane Nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I fix this principle in me, how can I assure my self, that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or my self? In short, without Constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the world.

No. 216. *Saturday, August 26. 1710*

Nugis addere pondus.

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every Atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any Searches that are made into the most

nate and trivial parts of the Creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little Genius to be wholly conversant among Insects, Reptiles, Animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a Virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the Sex of a Cockle, or describe the Generation of a Mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a Horse from an Ox; but at the same time will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a Flea is a Rhinoceros, and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of Spiders than he would upon a flock of Sheep, and has sold his Coat off his back to purchase a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with these Secrets and Curiosities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the World, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose Philosophy to the ridicule of the Witty, and the contempt of the Ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the Diversions, Relaxations, and Amusements, not the Care, Business, and Concern of Life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of Learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuse of Nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their Chests and Cabinets such Creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their Treasure, without a kind of an Apology for it. I have been shewn a Beetle valued at twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an hundred; But we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or

existence in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a Virtuoso.

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the Legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who had out a considerable estate in Natural Rarities and Curiosities, which upon his Death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I Nicholas Gimcrack being in sound Health of Mind, but in great Weakness of Body, do by this my last Will and Testament bestow my worldly Goods and Chattels in manner following:

Item, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter Elizabeth,
My recipe for preserving dead Caterpillars,
As also my preparations of Winter May-dew, and Embrio Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter Fanny,
Three Crocodile's Eggs,
And upon the Birth of her first Child, if she marry with her Mother's consent,

The Nest of an Humming-Bird,

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an acknowledgmen for the Lands he has vested in my Son Charles, I bequeath

My last year's collection of Gralloppers.

Item, To his Daughter Susanna, being his only Child I bequeath my

English Weeds palled on Royal Paper,
With my large Folio of Indian Cabbage.

Item

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. *Johannes Escrickius*, Professor in Anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My Rat's Testicles, and

Whale's Pizzle,

To him and his Male Heirs, and in default of such Heirs in the said Dr. *Escrickius*, then to return to my Executor and his Heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my Nephew *Isaac*, by making over to him some years since

A horned Scarabaeus

The Skin of a Rattle-snake; and

The Mummy of an Egyptian King,

I make no further provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest Son *John* having spoken disrespectfully of his little Sister whom I keep by me in spirit of Wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherir, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal Estate, by giving him a little Cockle Shell.

To my second Son *Charles* I give and bequeath all my Towers, Plants, Minerals, Stones, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: As also all my Monies, both wet and dry, making the said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid Legacies within the space of six months after my decease: And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas an Ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publicly deavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Artridge, who died the 8th. of March, 1708, These are

to certify all whom it may concern, That the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

No. 218. Thursday, August 31. 1710.

Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.
Hor.

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I Chanced to rise very early one particular morning this Summer, and took a walk into the country to divert my self among the fields and meadows, while the Green was new, and the Flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every Lane is a beautiful Walk, and every Hedge full of Nolegays, I lost my self with a great deal of pleasure among several Thickets and Bushes that were filled with a great variety of Birds, and an agreeable confusion of Notes, which formed the pleasantest Scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoak. The freshness of the Dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the Birds with so many delightful Instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful Simile in Milton :

As one who long in populous city pent,

Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,

Forth issuing on a Summer's morn, to breathe

Among the pleasant Villages, and Farms

Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight :

The

*The smell of Grain, or sowed Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.*

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite Authors, receive an additional entertainment from the Country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions with which such Authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful Simile in *Milton*, and applying it to my self, when I observed to the windward of me a black Cloud falling to the earth in long trails of Rain, which made me betake my self for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the Porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My Curiosity was raised when I heard the names of *Alexander the Great* and *Artaxerxes*; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient Heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great Men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprized to hear one say, that he valued the *Black Prince* more than the Duke of *Vendosme*. How the Duke of *Vendosme* should become a Rival of the *Black Prince's*, I could not conceive: And was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, That if the Emperor of *Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, That though the season was so changeable, the Duke of *Marborough* was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to my self from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great Generals, as the Prince of *Hesse*, and the King of *Sweden*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, That the Crown of *France* was very weak, but that the *Mareschal Villars* still kept his Colours. At last one of them told the company, If they would go along with him, he would shew them a Chimney.

ney-sweeper and a painted Lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower which had driven them, as well as my self, into the house, was now over; and as they were passing by me into the Garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The Gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in Flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could shew me such a blow of Tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of Gardening, and that the Kings and Generals they had mentioned were only so many Tulips, to which the Gardiners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious Show of these gay Vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the Banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary Spectator as so many beautiful Objects, varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of Colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial Dyes or Tinctures. Sometimes I considered every Leaf as an elaborate piece of Tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different Configurations, which gave a different colouring to the Light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of Tulips, according to the notion of the greatest Mathematician and Philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of Optick Instruments, designed for the separating Light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my Philosophical Speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a Tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's coat. I had the same fate with two or three more;

for which reason I desired the Owner of the Garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the Art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The Gentleman smiled at my ignorance: He seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *Tulippo-Mania*, *Tulipomania*; in so much that he would talk very rationally on any Subject in the world but a Tulip.

He told me, That he valued the bed of Flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length, and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred Acres of Land in *England*; and added, That it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish Cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking an handful of Tulip-roots for an heap of Onions, and by that means (says he) made me a dish of Potage, that cost me above 1000*l.* Sterling. He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his Tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great Fortunes, which are not always the greatest Beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical Tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in Spring-time as a spacious Garden, and make as many visits to a Spot of Daisies, or a Bank of Violets, as a Florist does to his Borders and Parterres. There is not a Bulb in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a Dandelion or Cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

Tuesday,

No. 220. Tuesday, September 5. 1710.

*Insani sanus nomen ferat, equus iniqui,
Ulra quam satis est, virtutem si peias ipsam.* Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many Letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the Political Barometer, I shall here communicate to the publick an account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest Prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the Reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious Prince put some to death for owning the Pope's Supremacy, and others for denying Transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this Instrument till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant Priest or Minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some time Vicar of Bray. This Gentleman lived in his Vicarage to a good old Age; and after having seen several Successions of his neighbouring Clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his Flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew

temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary Thermometer is to this day, viz. *Extreme hot, Sultry hot, Very hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard frost, Great frost, Extreme cold.*

It is well known, that *Toricellius*, the inventor of the common Weather-glass, made the experiment in a long Tube which held thirty two foot of water; and that a more modern Virtuoso finding such a Machine altogether unwieldy and useles, and considering that thirty two inches of Quicksilver weighed as much as so many foot of water in a Tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable Instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into *High* and *Low*, I have made some necessary variations both in the Tube and the Fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a Tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the Sun was in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper precautions about the Fluid, which is a compound of two very different Liquors; one of them a Spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of Rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The Spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoak. The Water on the contrary is of such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink through almost every thing that it is put into, and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by *Quintus Curtius*, which, says the Historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the *Oxford Manuscript* has it) in the skull of an Ass. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length, not only to give my Reader a clear Idea of it, but also to fill my paper up.

Ignorance.
Persecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Luke-warmness.
Infidelity.
Ignorance.

The Reader will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the Glass, between *Zeal* and *Moderation*, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good *Englishman* wishes her who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to *Zeal*, it is not amiss; and when it sinks to *Moderation*, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, inasmuch that it is apt to climb from *Zeal* to *Wrath*, and from *Wrath* to *Persecution*, which always ends in *Ignorance*, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the Glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from *Moderation* to *Luke-warmness*, and from *Luke-warmness* to *Infidelity*, which very often terminates in *Ignorance*, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed, it is almost incredible to conceive how the Glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying *Pap*, or on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same breath, the Church is in danger.

As soon as I had finished this my Glass, and adjusted it to the abovementioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my Cloak to several Coffee-houses, and other places of re-

port about this great city. At *St. James's Coffee-house*, the Liqueur stood at *Moderation*; but at *Will's* to my extreme surprize, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the Glass. At the *Grecian* it mounted but just one point higher; at the *Rainbow* it still ascended two degrees: *Child's* fetched it up to *Zeal*; and other adjacent Coffee-houses to *Wrath*.

It fell into the lower half of the Glass as I went further into the City, till at length it settled at *Moderation*, where it continued all the time I stayed about the *Change*, as also whilst I passed by the *Bank*. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my Glass to rise at the same time that the Stocks did.

To compleat the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the *Occult Sciences*, to make a progress with my Glass through the whole Island of *Great Britain*; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed before-hand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that fertileur *Diocese*, *Dr. Fell's*, speaking of the town of *Banbury* near, a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for *Cakes* and *Zeal*, which I find by my Glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for *Cakes*, that it was in the time of that learned Author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the *Counties*, *Corporations* and *Boroughs* in *Great Britain*, with their respective stamps, as they stand related to my *Thermometer*. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing Elections.

The point of *Doctrine*, which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able Teacher *Horace*, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to overheat ourselves in the pursuits even of *Virtue*. Whether *Zeal* or *Moderation* be the point we aim

aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But alas! the world is too wise to want for a precaution. The terms *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, as commonly used, do not so much denote a Principle as they distinguish a Party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered with some little attention the influence which the opinions of these great National Sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our time, that multitudes of honest Gentlemen, who entirely agree in their Lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their Religion.

No. 214. *Thursday, September 14. 1710*

Materiae superabundantiae.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

IT is my custom in a dearth of News, to entertain myself with those collections of Advertisements that appear at the end of all our publick Prints. These I consider as accounts of News from the Little World, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the Great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital city, in the other we hear of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop, and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we see the Desertion of a private Soldier. I must confess, I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestick Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy Advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous Lights, Advertisements are of great use to the Vulgar: First of all, they are instruments of Ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the *Gazette*, may easily creep into the Advertisements; by which means we often see an Apothecary in the same paper of News with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running-footman with an Ambassador. An Advertisement from *Pickadilly* goes down to Posterity, with an Article from *Madrid*; and *John Bartlett* of *Goodman's Fields* is celebrated in the same paper with the Emperor of *Germany*. Thus the Fable tells us, That the Wren mounted as high as the Eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings have been turned to of late years, has been the management of Controversy, insomuch that above half the Advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The Inventors of *Strops for Razors* have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of the *Morning Gowns* is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several Proprietors of *Dr. Anderson's Pills*; nor take notice of the many Satyrical works of this nature so frequently published by *Dr. Clark*, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned Knight, my very worthy Friend, *Sir William Read*. But I shall not interpose in their quarrel; *Sir William* can give him his own in Advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the Doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has Pains in his Head, Cholicks in his Bowels, or Spots in his Clothes, he may here meet with proper Cures and Remedies. If a man would recover a Wife or a Horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new Sermons, Electuaries, Asses Milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The

The great Art in writing Advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the Reader's eye without which a good thing may pass over unobserved or be lost among Commissions of Bankrupt. Asterisks and Hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years, the N.B. has been much in fashion; and so little Cuts and Figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the Author of Spring-trusses. I must here omit the blind *Italian Character*, which being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious Reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an Advertiser is chiefly seen in the Style which he makes use of. It is to mention *universal Esteem*, or *general Reputation*, of things that were never heard of. If he is a Physician or Astrologer, he must change his Lodgings frequently, and (though he never saw any body in them besides his own family) give public notice of it. For the information of the Nobility and Gentry. Since I am thus usefully employed in writing Criticisms on the works of those distinguished Authors, I must not pass over in silence an Advertisement which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in the *Cicero* manner. It was sent me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my Advertisements, but as it is a Pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

THE highest compounded Spirit of Lavender, the most glorious (if the expression may be used) enlivening Scent and Flavour that can possibly be, which so captivates the Spirits, delights the Gust, and gives such Airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most Gentlemen and Ladies; but this is far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold (in neat Flint bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the Golden-key in Wharton's-court near Holborn-bars, for 3 s. 6. with Directions.

At the same time that I recommend the several Flow-
ers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up, (if
no expression may be used) I cannot excuse my Fellow-
labourers for admitting into their papers several un-
cleanly Advertisements, not at all proper to appear in
the works of polite Writers. Among these I must reckon
the *Carminitive Wind-expelling Pills*. If the Doctor
had called them his *Carminitive Pills*, he had done as
cleanly as any one could have wished; but the second
word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There
are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I
do not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this
subject, with a publick admonition to *Michael Parrot*,
that he do not presume any more to mention a certain
Form he knows of, which, by the way, has grown se-
ven foot in my memory; for, if I am not much mis-
taken, it is the same that was but nine foot long about six
months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears,
that a collection of Advertisements is a Kind of Miscel-
lany; the writers of which, contrary to all Authors, ex-
cept men of Quality, give money to the Booksellers
who publish their Copies. The genius of the Booksel-
ler is chiefly shewn in his method of ranging and digest-
ing these little Tracts. The last paper I took up in my
hands, places them in the following order:

The true Spanish Blacking for shoes, &c.

The Beautifying Cream for the face, &c.

Pease and Plaisters, &c.

Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.

Four Freehold Tenements of 15 l. per Annum, &c.

* * The Present State of England, &c.

†† Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

A Commission of Bankrupt being awarded against
B. L. Bookseller, &c.

Tuesday,

No. 226. Tuesday, September 19. 1710.

--- *Juvenis quondam, nunc Fœmina Caneus,
Rursus ex in veterem fato revoluta figuram.*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to Posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the Life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious Correspondents, who seems to have imitated *Plutarch* in that multifarious Erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The Life I am putting out, is that of *Margery*, alias *John Young*, commonly known by the name of Dr. *Young*, who (as the town very well knows) was a woman that practised Physick in man's clothes, and after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

S I R,

“ **I** Here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor *Young's* life, which you may call (if you please) a second part of the Farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who (if I am not mistaken) have somewhere mentioned with Honour your Sister *Kirleus* as a Practitioner both in Physick and Astrology: But in the common opinion of mankind, She-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as a Centaur that practised Physick in the days of *Achilles*, or as King *Phys* in the *Rehearsal*. *Æsculapius*, the great Founder of your Art, was particularly

cularly famous for his Beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a Tyrant, who is branded by Heathen historians as guilty both of Sacrilege and Blasphemy, having robbed the Statue of *Æsculapius* of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, *That it was a shame the Son should have a Beard when his Father Apollo had none.* This latter instance indeed seems something to favour a Female Professor, since (as I have been told) the ancient statues of *Apollo* are generally made with the head and face of a Woman. Nay I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous *Apollo* in the *Belvidera* did very much resemble *Dr. Young*. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of *Amazon* in Physick, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief Heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the *English* in these our days, as the famous *Joan d' Arc* was in those of our Forefathers.

"I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write till the year 1695, at which time the Doctor, being about twenty three years old, was brought to bed of a Bastard Child. The scandal of such a Misfortune gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. *Peggy*, (for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called) that she left her Family, and followed her Lover to *London*, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: But instead of changing her Life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her Sex. This was soon done by the help of a Sword, and a pair of Breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn Man-midwife, having her self had some experience in those affairs: But thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her self a Gold Button Coat, and set up for a Physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. *Young* a Doctor, that formerly made one of the same Sex a Pope.

"The

" The Doctor succeeded very well in his business;
 " first, but very often met with accidents that un-
 " ted him. As he wanted that drop magisterial voice
 " which gives authority to a prescription, and is abso-
 " lutely necessary for the right pronouncing of those
 " words, *Take these Pills*, he unfortunately got the nice
 " name of the *Squeaking Doctor*. If this circumstance
 " alarmed the Doctor, there was another that gave him
 " no small disquiet, and very much diminished his
 " gain. In short, he found himself run down as a super-
 " fluous person. Quack, in all families that had a
 " head of them a cautious Father, or a jealous Hu-
 " band. These would often complain among one an-
 " other, that they did not like such a smooth-faced Phy-
 " sician; though in truth had they known how justly he
 " deserved that name, they would rather have fa-
 " voured his practice, than have apprehended any thing
 " from it.
 " Such were the motives that determined Mr.
 " Young to change his condition, and take in marriage
 " a virtuous young woman, who lived with her
 " good reputation, and made her the Father of a ver-
 " praiseworthy Girl. But this part of her happiness was too
 " soon destroyed by a distemper which was too
 " for our Physician, and carried off his Wife. The Do-
 " ctor had not been a Widow long, before he married
 " his second Lady, with whom also he lived in a ver-
 " good understanding. It so happened, that the Do-
 " ctor was with Child at the same time that his Lady
 " was; but the little ones coming both together, they
 " passed for Twins. The Doctor having entirely ef-
 " fected the reputation of his manhood, especially by
 " the birth of the Boy of whom he had been lately
 " livid, and who very much resembles him, grew
 " to good business, and was particularly famous for
 " the cure of Venereal Distempers; but would have
 " had much more practice among his own Sex, had
 " not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand
 " certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was
 " not able to give them. The florid blooming look-
 " ing

which gave the Doctor some uneasiness at first; instead of betraying his Person, only recommended his Physick. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprize in one of *Moliere's* Plays, where a young woman applies her self to a sick Person in the habit of a Quack, and speaks to her Patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his Physician, to the following purpose ——— *I began to practise in the Reign of Francis I. and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my Medicaments, have maintained my self in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen.* For this reason *Hippocrates* lays it down as a rule, that a Student in Physick should have a sound Constitution, and a healthy Look; which indeed seem as necessary Qualifications for a Physician, as a good Life, and a virtuous Behaviour, for a Divine. But to return to our subject. About two years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the Vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former Sex. It is said, that at his burial the Pall was held up by six Women of some fashion. The Doctor left behind him a Widow, and two Fatherless Children, if they may be called so, besides the little Boy before mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old Ballad about *The Children in the Wood* says of the unnatural Uncle, that he was Father and Mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's Life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: But as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature; having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe my self,

S. R. Young, &c.

I shall add, as a Postscript to this Letter, that I am informed, the famous *Saltoro*, who sells Coffee in his *Messum* at *Ghelsea*, has by him a curiosity which helps the Doctor to carry on his Imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious Inquirer.

No 229. Tuesday, September 26. 1710

Quascent moris sume superbiam.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole Creation preys upon it self: Every Creature is inhabited. A Flea has a thousand visible Insects that reaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary Microscope shews us, that a Louse is it self a Louse creature. A Whale, besides those Seas and Oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little Animals, carries about a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living Creatures which are too small for the naked eye to behold about the Leviathan, than there are of visible Creatures upon the face of the whole Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is as it were the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless Vermin that feed upon my paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean those small Wits and Scribblers that every day turn a Penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if I do me justice, I may expect to have my Statue erected in *Grab-street*, as being a common Benefactor to the quarter.

They say, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the Vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these Gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the Hawkers, Printers, Booksellers and Authors? it would be like Dr. B---'s dropping his Cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my dough-
Antagonists, I was threatened to be answered weekly for *Tat*: I was undermined by the Whig, wounded by *Tom Brown's Ghost*, scolded at by a Female Author, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of *Gratulation*. I have been *amused*, *re-
sisted*, *examined*, and *condoled*. But it being my standing maxim, Never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these Authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their being ably said. When I see my self thus surrounded by so formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in *Spenser's Den of Error*, who after he cut off the Dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of Ink, sees a thousand monstrous Replics attacking their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with stone, and all of them without eyes.

The same so soon annoyed by the Knight,
That well might checked with the deadly stroke,
His force's fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the Faint powers & so forth,
She poured forth out of his bellish side,
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed Monsters, did, and black as ink.

Which swarming all about his legs did show;
 And him encompassed close, but could not hurt the allu-
 As gentle Shepherd in sweet even-ings
 When ruddy Phœbus begins to walk in West,
 High on an hill, his Flock to vision wide,
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper-list;
 A cloud of combeats Gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infect his fragile slings;
 That from their wings can be no where caught;
 But with his clownish hands their tedious wings
 He brushes off, and so doth in their murmuring

If ever I should want such a fry of little Authors to
 tend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying
 condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which adorns
 the tree at the same time that it eats it; or like a
 man's Equipage, that do honour to the person
 whom they tend. For my part, when I feel my self
 attacked, I do not consider my Antagonists as malicious
 but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to
 any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours with-
 being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return
 their censures I shall take pains to excite, and never
 so persuade my self, that their enmity is nothing
 but envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude like an Old man and
 Moralist with a Fable:

The Owls, Bats, and several other birds of night
 were one day got together in a thick shade, where
 abused their Neighbours in a very sociable manner.
 This Satyr at last fell upon the Sun, whom they
 agreed to be very troublesome, impertinently and in-
 tive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke
 to them after this manner: Gentlemen, I wonder
 you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant
 scorch you up, and burn every Mother's Son of you.
 But the only answer I shall give you, or the rays
 shall take of you, is, to shine on.

No. 239. Thursday, October 19. 1710.

Ad eum scripsisse ferunt. **On:**

From my own Apartment, October 18.

It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own Performances. A Judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the Bar. *Cicero* was reputed the greatest Orator of his age and country before he wrote a book *De Oratore*; and *Horace* the greatest Poet before he published his *Art of Poetry*. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned Author, where he will find the Criticisms placed in the latter end of his book that is, after the finest Odes and Satyrs in the Latin Tongue.

A Modern, whose name I shall not mention, because it would not make a fully paper sell, was born a Critick and an Examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a Sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of a German Monk, who was taking a Catalogue of a friend's Library, and meeting with a *Hebrew* book in it, entered it under the title of *A Book that has the Beginning where the End should be*. This Author, in the last of his rudities, has amassed together a heap of Quotations, to prove that *Horace* and *Virgil* were both of them modest men than my self, and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that *Isaac Bickerstaffe* was a very conceited old Fellow, and as vain a man as either *Tully* or *Sir Francis Bacon*. Had this censorious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see *Cicero* abused, is I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great Man

runs thus; *The Itch of being very abusive, is almost inseparable from vain-glory.* Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them. The scurrilous writer goes on to say I am as bad as Tully. His words are these, and yet the Tatler, in his paper of September 26, has done him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance and with more insolence of others. I am afraid, by his discourse, this Gentleman has no more read *Plutarch* than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that Historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two Passions which are usually complicated in humane nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Great Spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and he liberally profuse in commending both the Antients and Contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; many of whose sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, That he was kinder of showing Gold. Of the Dialogue, *That if Jupiter were to speak, he would esteem as he did.* Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, which of Demosthenes or Orators he liked best? He answered, The longest.

And as for Eminent men of his own time, either for Eloquence or Philosophy, there was not one of them whom he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious.

Thus the Oracle tells us, That *Cicero* was extremely vain-glorious and abusive; *Plutarch*, that he was vain but not abusive. Let the Reader believe which of the two he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names; and that in my passion I said, He was a Fool, a House, an Owl, a Bat, a small Wit, a Scribler, and a No-body. When he has thus belpoken his Reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down as long as it being an exquisite piece of Rallery.

and written in great gaiety of heart. After this List of names, (*viz.* Flea, Louse, Owl, Bat, &c.) I was surprised to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper? I suppose, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured. If I can outlive this Raillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of Criticism made use of by this Author, (for I shall take care how I call him a Scribler again) which may turn into Ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: This the Reader will observe in the following words; *He (meaning me) is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is so fruitful in his Similes, as a Brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a Fox, to Daniel Burge's, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an Oak with Ivy about it, and to a Great man with an Equipage.* I think my self as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the Gentleman whom he here calls my Brother, as I am in the mentioning of it by being mentioned with *Forces and Vir-*

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to shew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the Author is got into a certain road of Criticism, I shall set down his Remarks on the works of the Gentleman whom he here alludes upon, as they stand in his 6th. paper, and desire the Reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

In thirty lines his Patron is a River, the Primum Mobile, a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any Thing, and Nothing. He allows increase, conceals his source, makes the Machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets.

What Poem can be safe from this sort of Criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended as at a Wag whom I once met with in a Coffee-house: He had

in his hand one of the Miscellanies, and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the Author, is (I think) as beautiful in its kind as any one in the *English* Tongue.

*Flavia the least and lightest toy
Can with resistless Art employ.
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An Engine of small force in love;
But she with such an Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless Dame,
To every other breast a flame.*

When this Coxcomb had done reading them, Heyday! says he, What Instrument is this that *Flavia* employs in such a manner as is not to be told, or safely seen? In ten lines it is a Toy, a Cupid's Bow, a Fan, and an Engine in Love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

Such Criticisms make a man of Sense sick, and a Fool merry.

The next Paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon some body whom I am at a loss to guess at: But I find the whole invective turns upon a man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the *Examiner* in mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critick, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a Satyr upon a Beggar.

As for those little Retortings of my own expressions, of being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excellent, and so forth; they are the common Cavils of every Witlin, who has no other Method of shewing his Parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it in the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence is like Ovid's *Echidna*: the creature we have reason to believe, that she: *Quæ nec vitæ laqueis, nec privisæ fœlogis didiciss.* I should not have doctored the character of a *scold*, had I not animadverted upon the above mentioned author by a gentle chastisement. But I hope the Reader will not pardon me, unless I declare that nothing of this nature for the future (unless it be written with some *Wit*) shall diversify from my ears of the publick. I shall collect instances, and therefore always lay their

No. 240. *Sabbath day, October 25. 1710.*

I DO not remember that in any of my *Lucubrations* I have touched upon that useful Science of *Physick*, notwithstanding I have declared my self more than once a Professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of *Astrology* with it, because I never knew a Physician recommend himself to the publick who had not a *Sister art* to embellish his knowledge in *Medicine*. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the Ingenious of our profession, that *Apollo* was the God of Verse as well as *Physick*; and in all ages the most celebrated Practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the *Muses*. Poetry to Physick is indeed like the gilding of a Pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the Doctor with the agreeableness of the Company.

The very foundation of Poetry is Good sense, if we may allow *Homer* to be a Judge of the art.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a Man making profession of two different Sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no Pretender in that which we are not Judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand. *Ordinary Quacks and Chauliars* are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary Accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an Advertisement thrust into your hand of a Doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern Seed. No body ever knew what this meant. But the green and red Dragon so amused the people, that the Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON.

Which drew great shoals of Spectators about it, who read the bill that was introduced with unspeakable curiosity, and when they were sick would have no body but this Learned man for their Physician.

I once received an Advertisement of one who had studied thirty years by Candle light for the good of his countrymen. He might have studied twice as long by Day light, and never have been taken notice of. But Glucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for Physick by their birth, as the seventh Son of a Seventh Son; and others by not being born at all, as the Unborn Doctor, who

who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his Patients, having died worth five hundred Pounds per Annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor *Cassio*, succeeded my old contemporary Doctor *Lilly* in the studies both of Physick and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the Bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor *Cafe*, who crased the Verses of his Predecessor out of the Sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this Place

Lives Doctor Cafe.

He is said to have got more by this Distich, than Mr. *Dryden* did by all his Works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary Perfections and unaccountable Artifices by which this tribe of men enslave the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a Mountebank's Stage from one end to the other faced with Patents, Certificates, Medals, and Great Seals, by which the several Princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every Great man with a sounding title has been his Patient. I believe I have seen twenty Mountebanks that have given Physick to the Czar of *Muscovy*. The Great Duke of *Tuscany* escapes no better. The Elector of *Brandenburg* was likewise a very good Patient.

This great condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his Audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching Tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many Princes, Kings, and Emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without controversie the most eloquent persons in the whole *British* Nation. I would not willingly dis-

discourage any of the Arts, especially that of which I am an humble Professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native Country, I could wish there might be a suspension of Physick for some years, that our Kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit it self.

As for my self, the only Physick which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best Physick for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my Recipe is, *Take nothing.*

Were the Body Politick to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole Island was shaken with an Earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold Pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an Earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a Diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but Water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of Parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted Nation. Such a Fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a Fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary Abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of *Pythagoras* in particular.

Abstine a Fabis.

Abstain From Beans.

That is, say the Interpreters, meddle not with Elections, Beans having been made use of by the Voters among the *Athenians* in the choice of Magistrates.

Saturday,

No. 243. Saturday, October 28. 1710.

*Insert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu**Per medios, misceque viris, neque cornitur ulli. Virg.**From my own Apartment, October 27.*

I Have somewhere made mention of Gyges's Ring, and intimated to my Reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The Tradition concerning this Ring is very romannick, and taken notice of both by *Plato* and *Tully*, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of Morality. This Gyges was the Master Shepherd to King *Cononius*. As he was wandering over the Plains of *Lydia*, he saw a great Chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far in it, he found the Statue of an Horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening of them, he found the body of a dead man bigger than ordinary, with a Ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The Vertues of it were much greater than at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly of Shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the Stone of the Ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had *Plato* and *Cicero* been as well versed in occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystick learning in this Tradition; but it is impossible for an Adept to be understood by one who is not an Adept.

As for my self, I have with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making my self invisible, and by that means conveying my self where I please, for to speak in Rolyerucian Lore, I have entered into the Clefts

Elects of the earth, discovered the brazen Horse, and robbed the dead Giant of his Ring. The Tradition gave further of Gyges, that by the means of this Ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the Court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became King of *Lydia*. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this Ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and so make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the Publick, whatever effects they may have upon my self.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical Ring, and with a thought transported my self into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated Beauty, though the sort of that Species of women which we call a Slattern. Her Head dress and one of her Shoes lay upon a chair, her Petticoat in one corner of the room, and her Girdle she had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before with her thread Stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side, when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, *What do you do? Let my Petticoat alone.* I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who (to use *Shakespeare's* expression) are so loose of thought, that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their Imagination. I left the apartment of this Female Rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a Male-coquet. He had a bottle of Salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-side, *Suckling's Poems*, with a little heap of black Patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair. But while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his Dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a sudden Oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a loud uniform voice. I was amazed to hear so gross a volubility in a speech. And though it was so late, it was so late by one sleep, but upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which she was then to be a female with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience and discretion in such a case, and his behaviour, that he was shewing under the discipline of a Christian's love. I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence, but in secret, the most of those whom I found awake, were kept awake by Envy or by Love. Some of these were fighting, and others cursing, in Soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The Covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His Physician and his Wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the Doctor say to the Gentlewoman, He cannot possibly live till five in the morning. She received it like the Mistress of a Family prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant maid, who said, *Madam, The Undertaker is here according to your order.* The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, *Pray Doctor, how was Dick stuck to-day to Church?* This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting my self further in this way, but as I was going home, I saw a light in a Garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *And, Hand, Stand, Bands, Fans, and Tarn'd.* I concluded him by this and the Furniture of his room to be a Lunatick, but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a Poet, writing an Heroick upon the ensuing Peace, and his words were, *you will not*

It was now towards morning, and hour when Spirits, Witches, and Conjurers are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and

and my Ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something Magisterial in the Aspect of the Duke, which made him run away in confusion. To Askebold's mind, two in my own judgment, I was thinking, what old art was I that not to be so busy that I was in my power to marry the finest Lady in this Kingdom; if I would wed her with this Ring. But what a figure would she make! Would it not be a disgrace, with a perfect knowledge as she would give, to fall the scandal in the court. But instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in Marriage, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the Author of the *Letter to a young Lady*. I have been told that some have hugged their pillow and other

No. 249 Saturday, November 11, 1710.

The Country I like best is the Country of the Mind. I have been told that some have hugged their pillow and other

piece has been engaged in, were impossible for him to give us an account of his Life.

My friend's tale made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell into a most unaccountable *Reverie*, that had neither Moral nor Design in it, and cannot be so properly called a Dream as a *Delirium*.

My thoughts the Shilling that lay upon the table reared it self upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his Life and Adventures.

I was born, says he, on the side of a mountain, near a little village of *Peru*, and made a voyage to *England* in an Ingot, under the Convoy of *Sir Francis Drake*. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my *Indian* habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *British* Mode, with the face of *Queen Elizabeth* on one side, and the Arms of the Country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and suffered me to pass from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard some body knocking at our Chest, and breaking it open with an Hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his Father lay a dying, was so good as to come to our release: He separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: As for my self, I was sent to the Apothecary's shop for a pint of Sack. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb-woman, the Herb-woman to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife, who made a present of me to a

Non-

Nonconformist Preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of Mutton, sometimes a Play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at the twelve-penny Ordinary, or carry him with three friends to *Westminster-Hall*.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greazy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, That while she kept a Queen *Elizabeth's* Shilling about her, she should never be without Money. I continued here a close Prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty Farthings.

I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising Soldiers against the King. For being of a very tempting breadth, a Sergeant made use of me to inveigle Country Fellows, and led them in the Service of the Parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was oblig'd him to take a Shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus continued doing great mischief to the Crown, till my Officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a Milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her Sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of *To my Love* *from my Love*. This ungenerous Gallant marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of Brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young Spendthrift, in company with the Will of his deceased Father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the Will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from

the possession of a fair Estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could bring me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the Usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

About a year after the King's return, a poor Cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a Cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the King's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of Breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a Medal than an ordinary Coin, for which reason a Gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We lead a melancholy life in his possession, being busie at those hours wherein current coins are rest, and partaking the fate of our Master, being in a few moments valued as a Crown, a Pound, or a Sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the Cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my Master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal Catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an Artist who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of Sheers cut off my Titles, clipped my Brims, retrenched my Shape, rubbed me to my inmost Ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a Groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see my self thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst

of

of this general calamity, when every body's thought is
misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we
were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often
happens with cinders rising out of a fire) appeared with
greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast
before. What has happened to me since this change of
Sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportu-
nity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat my
Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither
of them having ever happened to me above once in my
Life. The first was, my being in a Poet's Pocket, who
was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my ap-
pearance, that it gave occasion to the finest Burlesque
Poem in the British Language, entitled from me, *The
splendid Shilling*. The second Adventure, which I need
not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was
given away in charity to a blind man, but indeed it
was by a mistake, the person who gave me having been
threw me into the Hat among a pennyworth of
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Nov. 26. Tuesday, November 12, 1710.

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Scitatum justum gemina suspendere lance.

Ancipitis libra.

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before. What has happened to me since this change of
Sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportu-
nity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat my
Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither
of them having ever happened to me above once in my
Life. The first was, my being in a Poet's Pocket, who
was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my ap-
pearance, that it gave occasion to the finest Burlesque
Poem in the British Language, entitled from me, *The
splendid Shilling*. The second Adventure, which I need
not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was
given away in charity to a blind man, but indeed it
was by a mistake, the person who gave me having been
threw me into the Hat among a pennyworth of
Farrings.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I last Winter erected a Court of Justice for the cor-
recting of several Enormities in Dress and Behav-
our, which are not cognizable in any other Courts of
this Realm. The Vintner's case, which I there tryed
is still fresh in every Man's memory. That of the Pen-
coat gave all a general satisfaction, not to mention the
more important points of the Cane and Perspective.

which, if I did not give Judgments and Decrees according to the strictest Rules of Equity and Justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the Proceedings of that Court, I shall refer my Reader to an account of them, written by my Secretary, which is now in the Press, and will shortly be published under the title of, *Lillie's Reports*.

As last year presided over a Court of Justice, it is my intention this year to set my self at the head of a Court of Honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in *France*, where, according to the best of my Intelligence, it consists of such only as are Marshals of that Kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable Board at present who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of *Marborough*. But whether this be only an accidental or a necessary Qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit my self in it as President, with several Men of Honour on my right hand, and Women of Virtue on my left, as my Assistants. The first place of the Bench I have given to an old *Tenasseran* Captain with a wooden leg. The second is a Gentleman of a long-twisted Periwig, without a Curl in it, a Must with very little Hair upon it, and a thread-bare Coat with new Buttons, being a person of great worth, and second brother to a Man of Quality. The third is a Gentleman-Usher, extremely well read in Romances, and Grandson to one of the greatest Wits in *Germany*, who was some time Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of *Wolfenbuttel*.

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in publick Courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the Bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old Maiden Lady, that preserves some of the best Blood of *England* in her veins.

A *Welsh* woman of a little stature, but high spirit.
An old Prude that has censured every Marriage for
these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young Rake.

Having thus furnished my Bench, I shall establish
Correspondencies with the Horse-guards, and the Veter-
terans of *Chelsea-College*; the former to furnish me with
twelve Men of Honour as often as I shall have occasion
for a Grand Jury, and the latter with as many good
Men and true for a Petty Jury.

As for the Women of Virtue, it will not be difficult
for me to find them about mid-night at Crimp and Bal-
let.

Having given this publick notice of my Court, I must
further add, that I intend to open it on this day seven-
night, being *Monday* the twentieth instant; and do
hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and in-
fronfts, that are not to be redressed by the common law
of this land, whether they be short Bows, cold Saluta-
tions, supercilious Looks, unreturned Smiles, distant Be-
haviour, or forced Familiarity; as also all such as have
been aggrieved by any ambiguous Expression, acci-
dental Juffle, or unkind Repartee; likewise all such as
have been defrauded of their right to the Wall, trieb
out of the Upper end of the table, or have been suffered
to place themselves in their own wrong on the back
seat of the Coach: These, and all these, I do, as
above-said, invite to bring in their several cases and
complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all ima-
ginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the Office I have now taken
upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many
weighty points that daily perplex the Youth of the *Brit-
ish* Nation, and therefore I have already discussed sever-
al of them for my future use; as, How far a man may
brandish his Cane in the telling a story, without insult-
ing his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts
to the Lye? How a man should resent another's staring
and cocking a Hat in his face? If asking pardon is an
atonement for treading upon ones toes? Whether a
man may put up a box on the ear received from a stran-

ger in the dark? Or, Whether a Man of honour may take a Blow of his Wife? with several other subtilties of the like nature.

For my direction in the Duties of my Office, I have furnished my self with a certain Astrological pair of Scales which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the Injuries, in the other the Reparations. The first are represented by little Weights made of a metal resembling Iron, and the other in Gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in Averdupois, but also than such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries, amount to but a Scruple; and decrease by so many subdivisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine Microscope. I might acquaint my Reader, that these Scales were made under the influence of the Sun when he was in *Libra*, and describe many Signatures on the Weights both of Injury and Reparation: But as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own Art than my care for the Publick, I shall pass it over in silence.

No. 253. Tuesday, November 21. 1710.

*Pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, parrotisq; auribus astant.* Vir.

From my own Apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Die Luna vicesimo Novembris, hora nona Antemeridiana.

THE Court being sat, an Oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his Right hand,

hand, who were all sworn upon their Honour. The women on his Left hand took the same Oath upon their Reputation. Twelve Gentlemen of the Horse-guard were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. *Alexander Trunchbull*, who is their Right-hand man in the Troop, for their Foreman in the Jury. Mr. *Trunchbull* immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* received it, and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the Foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the Jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their Foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an Air, as signified the most religious submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest unanimity to execute what they should command. Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, after having received the compliments on his Right-hand, cast his eye upon the Left, where the whole Female Jury paid their respects by a low Curtsy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their Forewoman was a professed *Platonist*, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the Sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his Hat with great dignity, and after having composed the Brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his Character, he gave the following Charge, which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admitted of, or is ever given in his presence.

“ The Nature of my office, and the Solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first Session with a Speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads :

“ Under the first, I shall endeavour to shew the Necessity and Usefulness of this new erected Court ; and

under

under

under the second, I shall give a word of Advice and Instruction to every constituent part of it.

As for the first, it is well observed by Phadrian a Heathen Poet,

Nisi arile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

Which is the same, Ladies, as if I should say, *It would*

be of no reputation for me to be President of a Court which

is of no benefit to the Publick. Now the Advantages that may arise to the Weal Publick from this Institution will more plainly appear if we consider what it

suffers for the want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of Justice and random Penalties?

Are not Crimes undetermined, and Reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the Lye punished by death, and the Lye himself deciding his

own cause; nay, not only acting the Judge, but the Executioner? Have we not known a Box on the

ear more severely accounted for than Manslaughter? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an

unmannerly Jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated Murder.

But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put him-

self upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the

punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty. I shall only

mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I shall

rather mention, because both Sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you Gentlemen and you Ladies of the Jury will the rather take notice of; I mean

that great and known case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered Insults in his dearest and

better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender Wife; What is the

reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor Lady, run through the body, and left

breath-

“ breathless upon the bed of Honour. What then, will
 “ you on my right hand say, must the man do that is
 “ affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins bro-
 “ ken? Must the Wall, or perhaps our Mistress, be ta-
 “ ken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a
 “ frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say; and
 “ must the Villain live after it? Is there no redress for
 “ injured Honour? Yes, Gentlemen, that is the design
 “ of the Judicature we have here established.

“ A Court of Conscience, we very well know, was
 “ first instituted for the determining of several points
 “ of Property, that were too little and trivial for the
 “ Cognizance of higher Courts of Justice. In the same
 “ manner, our Court of Honour is appointed for the
 “ examination of several Niceties and Punctilio's that
 “ do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common
 “ laws. But notwithstanding no Legislators of any na-
 “ tion have taken into consideration these little circum-
 “ stances, they are such as often lead to crimes big e-
 “ nough for their inspection, though they come before
 “ them too late for their redress.

“ Besides, I appeal to you, Ladies, [*Here Mr. Bicker-*
 “ *staffe turned to his left hand*] if these are not the little
 “ stings and thorns in life that make it more uneasy
 “ than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously,
 “ did you never lose a Morning's Devotions, because
 “ you could not offer them up from the highest place
 “ of the Pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a
 “ Ball, because another has been taken out to dance be-
 “ fore you? Do you love any of your friends so much
 “ as those that are below you? Or have you any favo-
 “ rites that walk on your Right hand? You have an-
 “ swered me in your looks, I ask no more.

“ I come now to the second part of my discourse
 “ which obliges me to address my self in particular to
 “ the respective Members of the Court, in which I shall
 “ be very brief.

“ As for you, Gentlemen and Ladies, my Assistants
 “ and Grand Juries, I have made choice of you on my
 “ Right hand, because I know you very jealous of your

disposed

Honour

" Honour; and you on my Left, because I know you
 " very much concerned for the Reputation of others;
 " for which reason I expect great exactness and impar-
 " tiality in your Verdicts and Judgments.

" I must in the next place address my self to you,
 " Gentlemen of the Council: You all know, that I have
 " not chosen you for your Knowledge in the litigious
 " parts of the Law, but because you have all of you for-
 " merly fought Duels, of which I have reason to think
 " you have repented, as being now settled in the
 " peaceable state of Benchers. My advice to you is, on-
 " ly that in your Pleadings you are short and expres-
 " sive: To which end you are to banish out of your Dis-
 " courses all Synonymous Terms, and unnecessary Mul-
 " tiplications of Verbs and Nouns. I do moreover for-
 " bid you the use of the words *also* and *likewise*; and
 " must further declare, That if I catch any one among
 " you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particule
 " *or*, I shall incessantly order him to be stripped of his
 " Gown, and thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

N. B. The sequel of the Proceedings of this day will
 be published on *Tuesday* next.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Thursday,

No. 254. Thursday, November 23. 1710.

Splendide mendax.

Hor.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

HERE are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels, especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the Writer an opportunity of shewing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this kind, our renowned Country-man Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the Copiousness of his Invention, and Greatness of his Genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the Voyages of these two Great Wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.

I have got into my hands by great chance several Manuscripts of these two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the publick; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their Works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: A caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the publick a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find my self unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several

several short speeches which he made in the Territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions clothed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt Simile,

Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern Language is as follows:

We were separated by a storm in the Latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed, in order to repair our vessels, and store our selves with provisions. The Crew of each vessel made themselves a Cabin of Turf and Wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a Scaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

Nova Zembla is a miserable spot, and a very bad place to live in.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began

to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the Letter S; that occurs so frequently in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our Cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard some body say, *Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's Crew to go to bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's voice, and upon recollecting my self, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very cholerick fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the Strapado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on ship-board.

I must not omit the names of several Beauties in *Wapping*, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, *Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs Peggy!* When shall I see my *Sue* again! this betrayed several amours which had been congealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to *England*.

When

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the *Dutch Cabin*, which lay about a mile further up into the Country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

— *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

About half a mile's distance from our Cabin, we heard the groanings of a Bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little *Dutch Settlement*, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of Brandy, and several other unfavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valer, who was an *Irishman*, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that Language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the *French Cabin*, who, to make amends for their three weeks Silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an Assembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the Sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a Kit playing a

minuit over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; for, says he, finding our selves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this Musical Instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our Chagrin, *et tuer le temps*.

Here Sir John gives very good Philosophical Reasons, why the Kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something Prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable Author seems, by his Quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of Historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

No. 255. Saturday, November 25. 1710.

*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis insula texit.*

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

SIR,

I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides your self, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am Chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my Patron and his Lady very sullen and out of humour, though

first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help my self to a Jelly, the Lady of the house, otherwise a devout Woman, told me, That it did not become a man of my Cloth to delight in such frivolous food: But as I still continued to sit out the last Course, I was yesterday informed by the Butler, that his Lordship had no further occasion for my Service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by,

SIR, Your most Humble Servant, &c.

The case of this Gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves Sweet-meats, to which, if I may guess by his Letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the Indecency of discarding the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it) is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid Virtue gives offence by any excesses in Plumb-pudding or Plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to Intemperance in Sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet, and Conserve of a much colder nature than our common Pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the Ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the Dessert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify, that we ought to stint our selves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating: But most certainly, if such a Lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our Clergy would have recommended it to all the Lay-masters of Families, and not have disturbed other mens tables with such unreasonable examples of Abstinence. The

original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The Chaplain retired out of pure complaisance to make room for the remoyal of the Dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the Dessert. This by degrees grew into a Duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the Entertainment; and if the arrogance of the Patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next Generation, he may see himself reduced to the Tythe, or tenth Dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the Priest in old times to feast upon the Sacrifice, nay the Honey-cake, while the hungry Laity looked upon him with great devotion, or as the late Lord Rochester describes it in a lively manner.

And while the Priest did eat, the people stared.

At present the custom is inverted; the Laity feast, while the Priest stands by as an humble Spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the Dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked Patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain that, in his Grace after Meat, should return thanks for the whole Entertainment, with an exception to the Dessert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholick Priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the Ladies, should he see a Clergyman giving his Company the slip at the first appearance of the Tarts or Sweet-meats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied Orange, or a piece of Puff-past, as some have to a Cheshire Cheese, or a Breast of Mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas Pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated Cate, and a Badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange!

that a Sirloin of Beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost Depredations and Incisions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with Plumbs and Sugar, changes its property, and forsooth, is meat for his Master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the Patron or the Chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a Gentleman; whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than my self, and who was bred up with me at the University upon the same foot of a liberal Education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that Character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

*Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some Noble family:
Diet, an Horse, and Thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his Lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a Youngster's sense sound great;
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo:
Who tho' in silken Scarf, and Cassock dress,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir Crape withdraws,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.*

228 The TATLER. No. 255.

Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand:
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind Volder comes for your relief.
Let others who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
I raise my freedom higher.

This Author's Raillery is the Raillery of a friend, and does not turn the Sacred Order into Ridicule, but is a just Censure on such persons as take advantage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

No. 256. Tuesday, November 28. 1710.

Nostrum est tantum componere Lites. Virg.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sher-lane on Monday the 20th. of November 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaffe Esq; Censor of Great Britain.

Peter Plumb, of London, Merchant, was indicted by the Honourable Mr. Thomas Gules of Gule-hall in the County of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did in Lombard-street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a short Salutation, put on his Hat, value five-pence, while the Honourable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the Criminal, That during his discourse with the Prosecutor, he feloniously stole the Wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again

at his taking leave of him. The Prosecutor alledged, that he was the Cadet of a very ancient family, and that according to the principles of all the younger Brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a Man of Honour, than do any thing beneath his Quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a Whip, or the making of a pair of Nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The Prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honorable Mr. Gules; as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word: and in short, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the publick. This sort of Language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the Criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the Court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style. The Prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his Council, who urged in his defence, that he put on his Hat through ignorance, and took the Wall by accident. They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his Hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the Gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his Hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an *Irishman* who deposed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the Wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor having consulted the Men of Honour who sat at his right hand on the Bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the Prisoner's Council did rather aggravate than extenuate his Crime; that the motions and intimations of the Hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and there-

fore not to be used by the Criminal to a man of the Prosecutor's Quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the Wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the Jury, without going out of the Court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their Foreman, that the Prosecutor was bound in Honour to make the Sun shine through the Criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the lungs.

The Censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the Jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, that this Court was erected for the finding out of Penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their Verdict. The Jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in consideration this was *Peter Plumb's* first offence, and that there did not appear any *Malice pro-pense* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the Wall was only *se defendendo*, the Prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the sitting of his nose, and cutting off both his ears. Mr. *Bickerstaff* smiling upon the Court, told them, that he thought the Punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such Penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading Nation. He therefore pronounced sentence against the Criminal, in the following manner: That his Hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the Court; that the Criminal should go to the Warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the *Exchange*, or *Garraway's Coffee-house*, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he nor any of the family of the *Plumbs* should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their Coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undiscovered for their betters.

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and *T. R.*, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an Ale-house in *Westminster*, for breaking the peace and two earthen Mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. *Dathan* said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended, that the Welsh were an ancienter people than the Jews; whereas, says he, I can shew by this Genealogy in my hand, that I am the Son of *Mesheck*, that was the Son of *Nabosh*, that was the Son of *Shalem*, that was the Son of ———. The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, that he could produce Shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was *John ap Rice*, *ap Shenkin*, *ap Shones*. He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, that the Jew would needs uphold, that King *Cadwallader* was younger than *Issachar*. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* seemed very much inclined to give sentence against *Dathan*, as being a Jew, but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a *Pra-Adamite*, he suffered the Jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their Verdict, that it appearing the persons at the Bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a Point of Honour; to prevent such frivolous Appeals for the future, they should both of them be crossed in the same Blanker, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree it between themselves. The Censor confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major *Punto*, for having used the word, *Perhaps it may be so*, in a dispute with the said Major. The Major urged, that the word, *Perhaps*, was questioning his Veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the Lye. *Richard Newman* had nothing more to say for himself, than that he intended no such thing, and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict Special.

Mr.

Mr. Bickerstaffe stood up, and after having cast his eyes over the whole Assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a Rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the Court; I mean, says he, never to allow of the Lye being given by Construction, Implication, or Induction, but by the sole use of the word it self. He then proceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to the *English* Nation from that pernicious Monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal Quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the Guards, and made great havoc in the Army; that it had sometimes weakened the City Trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the Isle of *Great Britain*. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the Jury to *present* the word it self as a Nuisance in the *English* Tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their presentment, publish an Edit of the Court for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil Societies.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

Monday next is set apart for the Tryal of several Female Causes.

N. B. The Case of the Haslock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Thursd.

No. 257. Thursday, November 30. 1710.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora : Dii, cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
Aspirate meis.----- Ovid. Met.*

From my own Apartment, November 29.

Every Nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the Religions in Great Britain in Wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many skrewed faces and wry features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the Show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German Artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner :

I have often, says he, been present at a show of Elephan's, Camels, Dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an Assembly of Spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats : The Curtain that hung before the show was made by a
Mas.

Master of Tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous *Hydra* that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole Picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden, says my friend, I was startled with a flourish of many Musical Instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so called) wholly made up of Jars and Discords. Among the rest, there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning-board, a Stentorophonick Trumpet, with several wind-instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the Curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary Assembly of figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The design of the Workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an *Englishman* to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a Matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in *Queen Elisabeth's* days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the Beaver with the steeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Brim. Her Gown was of the richest black Velter, and just upon her heart studded with large Diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a Cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her Aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much Love and Reverence at the sight of her, that the Tears

an down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprised at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old fashioned Tower of grey Hairs. Her Head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with Crosses in Gold, Silver and Silk: She had nothing on, so much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a Dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my Reader, that the Lady before described was *Papery*, or that the I am going to describe is *Protestantry*. She sat on the left hand of the venerable Matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her Sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetick. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, frowed with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the Matron for the shape of her Hat, as too much resembling the triple Coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white Apron and the Cross; for which reason she had made her self a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the Sectaries that sat on the left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, lest she should see the Harlots by her.

On

On the right hand of *Papery* sat *Judaism*, represented by an Old man embroidered with Phylacteries, distinguished by many typical figures, which I had skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the high of a Temple; but instead of weeping over (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the ruins of it.

On his right hand was *Deism*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward country Wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for want of those Advantages, was such a Spectacle as a Man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my friend, given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the Marrow, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were *Deism*, *Judaism*, and *Papery*. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared *Presbytery*. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a Silver Basin filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like Lurkey, I fancied first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the Physicians call the *Hydrophobia*; but considering what the intension of the show was, I immediately collected myself, and concluded it to be *Aschaphisment*.

The next figure was a Man that sat under a most profound composure of Mind: He wore an Hat whose Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon: His Cloak had neither sleeve nor skirt; nor so much as a perfunctory Button. What he called his Cravat, was a little piece of white Linnen quilted with great exactness, and hanging below his Chin about two inches. Seeing a Book in his hand, I asked our Artist what it was, who told me it was the *Quakers Religion*; upon which I looked a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned Grammar, of an Art of abridging ordinary discourse. The Nouns were reduced to a small number, as the *Light*, *Bright*, *Babylon*. The principal of his Pronouns was *Thou*, and as for *You*, *Ye*, and

I found they were not looked upon as Parts of speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the 1st and person plural; the Participles ending all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs besides *Yes* and *No*. The same thing was observed in the Prepositions. The Conjunctions were only *And* and *Or* and the Interjections brought under the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning. There was at the end of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, *The Christian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Appellations, or (if you will) Christian Names to almost every thing in life. I replaced the Book in the hand of the figure, nor without admiring the simplicity of its Garb, Speech and Behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of Religions, there was a figure dressed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This Idiot is supposed to say in his heart that *David's Fool* did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper Representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-Thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groupings of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both Sexes turning their backs upon the Company, and joining their heads very close together, I enquired after their Religion, and found that they called themselves the *Philadelphians*, or the Family of Love.

In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the *Sweet singers of Israel*. I must not omit, that in this Assembly of Wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron were stood one of these figures, and behind *Papery* another, which as the Artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind *Papery* presented *Persecution*, and the other *Moderation*. The rest of these moved by secret Springs towards a great

great heap of dead Bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of the dead men several hard words, as *Pro-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camaronians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independants*, *Masowites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the approach of *Persecution*, it was so contrived, that as she held up her Bloody Flag, the whole Assembly of dead men, like those in the *Rehearsal*, started up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great clashing and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of *Moderation* moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed *Liberty of Conscience*, immediately fell into a heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first.

No. 259. Tuesday, December 5. 1710

Vexat censura columbas.

A continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour held in Sheer-Lane on Monday the 29th of November before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq; Censor of Great Britain.

Elizabeth Makebase, of the Parish of St. Catherine's Spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the Haslock from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The Prosecutor deposed, that as she stood to make a Curtsie to a Person of Quality in a neighbouring Pew, the Criminal conveyed away the Haslock in stealth, insomuch that the Prosecutor was obliged to call all the while she was at Church, or to say her Prayers in a posture that did not become a Woman of her Quality. The Prisoner pleaded Inadvertency, and the Jury

going to bring it in Chance-medly, had not several Witnesses been produced against the said *Elizabeth Make-*
aste, that she was an old Offender, and a Woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the *Sunday* before she had detracted from a new Petticoat of *Mrs. Mary Doelittle*, having said in the hearing of several credible Witnesses, that the said Petticoat was scow-
 ed, to the great grief and detriment of the said *Mary Doelittle*. There were likewise many Evidences produced against the Criminal, that though she never failed to come to Church on *Sunday*, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that she spent her whole time, during Divine Service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the Indictment, and received Sentence to ask pardon of the Prosecutor upon her bate knees, without either Cushion or Haslock under her, in the face of the Court.

N. B. As soon as the Sentence was executed on the Criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmost severity, the first Lady of the Bench on Mr. *Bicker-*
staffe's Right hand stood up, and made a motion to the Court, that whereas it was impossible for Women of Fashion to dress themselves before the Church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniences did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a Footman, in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated Assemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the Books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, Linnen-draper, in the City of *West-*
minster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady *Penelope Touchwood*. It appeared, that the Prosecutor and her Woman going in a Stage-Coach from *London* to *Brentford*, where they were to be met by the Lady's own Chariot, the Criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same Coach, at which time the Prisoner talked Bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The Prosecutor alledged, that over-against the Old Fox at *Knightsbridge* he mentioned the

the word *Linen*; that at the further end of *Kensington* he made use of the term *Smock*; and that before he came to *Hammer Smith*, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon *Wedding-shifts*. The *Prosecutor's Woman* confirmed what her *Lady* had said, and added further, that she had never seen her *Lady* in so great a confusion, and in such a talking, as she was during the whole discourse of the *Criminal*. The *Prisoner* had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The *Jury* however found him guilty, and represented by their *Forewoman*, that such discourses were apt to sully the imagination, and that by a concatenation of *Idea's*, the word *Linen* implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the *Prosecutor's Quality*, and therefore gave it as their *Verdict*, that the *Linen-draper* should lose his tongue. *Mr. Bickerstaffe* said, he thought the *Prosecutor's* ears were as much to blame as the *Prisoner's* tongue, and therefore gave Sentence as follows: That they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the *Court*, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time, the *Linen-draper* was to be gagged, and the *Lady* to hold her hands close upon both her ears, which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to *Charles Cambrick*, for that he the said *Edward Callicoat* did, by his silence and his smiles, seem to approve andabet the said *Charles Cambrick* in every thing he said. It appeared, that the *Prisoner* was *Foreman* of the shop to the aforesaid *Charles Cambrick*, and by his *Post* obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: Upon which he was acquitted.

Josias Shallow was indicted in the name of *Dame Wifred*, sole Relict of *Richard Dainty*, Esq; for having said several times in company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to the *Widow Dainty*, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude. The *Prosecutor* urged, that this might blast her *Reputation*, and

that it was in effect a boasting of Favours which he had never received. The Prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, that he meant nothing by them, but that the Widow had befriended him in a Lease, and was very kind to his younger Sister. The Jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their Verdict *Ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady Betty *Wou'd-be*, for having said, that she the Lady Betty *Wou'd-be* was painted. The Prisoner brought several persons of good Credit to witness to her Reputation, and proved by undeniable Evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Censor observing the behaviour of the Prosecutor, found reason to believe that she had indicted the Prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: He therefore asked the Offender with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? And whether she saw any colours in the Lady *Wou'd-be's* face that could procure Credit to such a falsehood? Do you see (says he) any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability? — The Prosecutor, not able to bear such Language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old Fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his Wisdom: But she was put to silence, and sentenced to wear her Mask for five months, and not to presume to shew her face till the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq; was indicted for having told the Lady *Everbloom* at a publick Ball, that she looked very well for a Woman of her years. The Prisoner not denying the Fact, and persisting before the Court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the Jury brought him in *Non Compos Mentis*.

The Court then adjourned to Monday the 11th Instant.

Copia Vera, Charles Lillie.
Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

L

Thursday,

No 260. Thursday, December 7. 1710.

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum. Mart.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate Dissertation upon Thumbs in *Montaigne's Essays*, and another upon Ears in the *Tale of a Tub*. I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my Text the following verses out of *Nudibras*:

*So learned Talicorius from
The brawny part of Porter's bum
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Lasted as long as parents breech:
But when the date of nock was out,
Off drop'd the sympathetick snout.*

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I must for my own quiet, desire the Criticks (who in all times have been famous for Good Noses) to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract. These Gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little Rhinocercical Nose, which was always looked upon as an Instrument of derision, and which they were used to cock, tosse, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction.

*Minus apus acutis
Naribus horum hominum*

But for the sake of some of my Philosophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of Learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spight upon the Nose. I have seen a little Burlesque Poem in *Italian* that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: *Mars*, the God of War, having served during the siege of *Naples* in the shape of a *French* Colonel, received a visit one night from *Venus*, the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed Mistress and Admirer. The Poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a Suttling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little *Cupid*. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his Father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the Stars that reigned at his Nativity, came into the World with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his Arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a humane Heart their Butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to *Mercury*, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed Arrow, and wound his votaries other in the Nose than in the Heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my Learned Reader, that *Correggio* has drawn a *Cupid* taking his lesson from *Mercury*, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem it self was designed as a Burlesque upon *Fracastorius*.

It was a little after this fatal siege of *Naples* that *Talico-*
tius begun to practise in a town of *Germany*. He was the
 first Clap-Doctor that I meet with in History, and a
 greater man in his age than our celebrated *Dr. Wall*. He
 saw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by
 this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore,
 in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a ma-
 nufacture of Noses, having first got a Patent that none
 should presume to make Noses besides himself. His first
 Patient was a Great man of *Portugal*, who had done
 good services to his country, but in the midst of them
 unfortunately lost his Nose. *Talico* grafted a new one
 on the remaining part of the Gristle or Cartilaginous
 substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pro-
 nounce the letters *M* or *N*, and in short, do all the func-
 tions of a genuine and natural Nose. There was how-
 ever one misfortune in this experiment. The *Portuguese's*
 complexion was a little upon the subfusc, with very black
 eyes and dark eyebrows, and the Nose being taken from
 a Porter that had a white *German* skin, and cut out of
 those parts that are not exposed to the Sun, it was very
 visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In
 a word, the *Condo* resembled one of those maimed an-
 tique Statues that has often a modern Nose of fresh Mar-
 ble grafted to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion
 as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular
 for the future, the Doctor got together a great collec-
 tion of Porters, men of all complexions, black, brown,
 fair, dark, fallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was im-
 possible for a Patient of the most out-of-the-way colour
 not to find a Nose to match it.

The Doctor's house was now very much enlarged,
 and become a kind of College, or rather Hospital, for
 the fashionable Cripples of both Sexes that resorted to
 him from all parts of *Europe*. Over his door was fasten-
 ed a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed
 over the great Gates at *Brazen-Nose College* in *Oxford*;
 and as it is usual for the Learned in Foreign Universities
 to distinguish their houses by a *Latin* sentence, the Doc-
 tor writ underneath this great Golden Proboscis two
 verses out of *Ovid*:

Militat

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido;

Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

It is reported, that *Talicotius* had at one time in his house twelve *German Counts*, nineteen *French Marquises*, and a hundred *Spanish Cavaliers*, besides one solitary *English Esquire*, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the Monopoly of Noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a man had occasion for a high *Roman Nose*, he must go to the price of it. A Carbuncle Nose likewise bore an excessive rate: But for your ordinary short turned-up Noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the Purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The Sympathy betwixt the Nose and its Parent was very extraordinary. *Hudibras* has told us, that when the Porter died, the Nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the Nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The Nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original Proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three *Spaniards*, whose Noses were all made out of the same piece of Brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon enquiry, that the Parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the Porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the *Spaniards*, who found out the person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the Porters led the Gentlemen by the Nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the Nose, the Porter felt the effects of it, insomuch that it

was generally articked with the Patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell Pepper, or eat Mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The *Englishman* I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the Learned *Taliorius*, that in the space of two years he wore out five Noses, and by that means so tormented the Porters, that if he would have given cool for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honest Parents, and passed his first years in Foxhunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the Beauties of the Play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany, the *Englishman* of five Noses, and, the Gentleman that had thrice as many Noses as he had Ears: Such was the gallery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young Men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this Winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg of them not to follow the example of our ordinary Town-rakes, who live as if there was a *Taliorius* to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young Men may think, the Nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing till they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall leave with them is, to regard every Town-woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their Noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will

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fancy she speaks to them in that humorous Phrase of old
Plautus:

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordere.

"Keep your face out of my way or I'll bite off your
Nose.

No. 262. Tuesday, December 12. 1710.

Verba toga sequeris, juncturae callidus atris,

Ore teres modico, pallens es radere moros,

Doflus ut ingenua culpam defigere ludo. Pers. Sat. 3.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

Timothy Treasall, Gent. was indicted by several La-
dies of his Sister's acquaintance for a very rude as-
front offered to them at an entertainment, to which he
had invited them on Tuesday the 7th of November last
past, between the hours of eight and nine in the even-
ing. The Indictment set forth, that the said Mr. Treas-
all, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the Ladies
to take their places according to their different age and
seniority, for that it was the way always at his table to
pay respect to Years. The Indictment added, that this
produced an unspeakable confusion in the Company;
for that the Ladies, who before had pressed together for
a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crow-
ded with the same disorder towards the end that was
quite opposite; that Mrs. Fronsly had the insolence to
clap her self down at the very lowest place of the table;
that the Widow Partlett seated her self on the right
hand of Mrs. Fronsly, alledging for her excuse, that no
ceremony was to be used at a Round Table; that Mrs.
Fidget and Mrs. Fesque disputed above half an hour for

the same Chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause till it was decided by the Parish Register, which happened to be kept hard by. The Indictment further said, that the rest of the company who sat down, did it with a Reserve to their Right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. *Mary Pippe*, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous Vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several Mothers of Families among her inferiors. The Criminal alledged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the Ladies did not complain of his rudeness till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The Censor frowning upon him, told him, that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature, and (upon the Jury's bringing him in guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole Assembly of Ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the Decorum which was due to Persons of their Quality.

Rebecca Shapely, Spinster, was indicted by Mrs. *Sarah Smock*, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the Heels of her Silk Slippers, which the Prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two Inches higher than they really were. The Prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the Prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of Forgery which she had laid to the Prosecutor's charge, for that she the said *Rebecca Shapely* did always wear a pair of Steel Bodice, and a false Rump. The Censor ordered the Slippers to be produced in open Court, where the Heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the Grand Jury to search the Criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the Bodice, but found her guilty of the Rump; upon which she received Sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippitt, Esq; of the *Middle Temple*, brought his Action against the Lady *Elizabeth Prudely*, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her

her Coach from the Opera. The Plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of Volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as Gentlemen-Ushers of the Play-house; that he had been at a considerable charge in white Gloves, Periwigs, and Snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his Fortune by it. The Council for the Defendant replied, that the Plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their Client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a Promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as their Pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the Plaintiff to be cashiered from his Office of Gentleman-Usher to the Play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the Defendant either to marry the said Plaintiff, or to pay him half a Crown for the new pair of Gloves and Coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her service.

The Lady Townly brought an Action of Debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the said Lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she the said Lady Townly had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the Defendant, that the Plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alleged had been made on a Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who enquired whether she was at home, did not give the Visiting knock; that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there were no Candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day; and in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her Porter's book, which was produced in Court, that she had paid the Lady Townly a visit on the twenty fourth of March;

just before her leaving the town, in the year 1709-10, for which she was still a Creditor to the said Lady Townly. To this the Plaintiff only replied, that she was now only under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single Woman. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* finding the Cause to be very intricate, and that several Points of Honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving Judgment upon it till the next Session day, at which time he ordered the Ladies on his left hand to present to the Court a Table of all the Laws relating to Visits.

Winifred Leer brought her Action against *Richard Sly*, for having broken a Marriage Contract, and wedded another Woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said *Winifred Leer*. She alledged, that he had ogled her twice at an Opera, thrice in St. James's Church, and once at *Powell's* Puppet-show, at which time he promised her Marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that fate by her. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* finding that the Defendant had made no further overture of Love or Marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent Seducers are to lead the Ladies Hearts astray, ordered the Criminal to stand upon the Stage in the Hay-market, between each Act of the next Opera, there to be exposed to publick view as a false Ogler.

Upon the rising of the Court, Mr. *Bickerstaffe* having taken one of these Counterfeits in the very fact as he was ogling a Lady of the Grand Jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the Statute of Ogling. He likewise directed the Clerk of the Court to draw up an Edict against these common Cheats that make Women believe they are distracted for them by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a Lady's reputation whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Tuesday

No. 265. Tuesday, December 19. 1710.

Arbitrator hic igitur factus de lide jacobus. Quid. Met.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

As soon as the Court was late, the Ladies of the Bench presented, according to order, a table of all the Laws now in force, relating to Visits and Visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Headless, Esq; was indicted by Colonel Twiss, of Her Majesty's Trained-Bands, upon an Action of Assault and Battery; for that he the said Mr. Headless having espied a Feather upon the Shoulder of the said Colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a Walking-staff, value three pence. It appeared, that the Prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other Officers of the Militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Headless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The Council for the Prosecutor alleged, that the Shoulder was the tenderest part in a Man of Honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a Stick, and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a Cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's Honour who received it. Mr. Headless replied, that what he had done was out of kindness to the Prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the Trained-Bands with a Feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the Stick he had made

use

use of on this occasion was so very small, that the Prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his shoulders. The Censor hereupon directed the Jury, to examine into the nature of the Staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of a Crab-tree from that of a Cane, and by the touch of a Cane from that of a plain Hazle Stick. The Jury, after a short perusal of the Staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their Foreman, that the substance of the Staff was *British Oak*. The Censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the Criminal's Coat, ordered the Prosecutor to beat it off with his afore said Oaken Plant; and thus, said the Censor, I shall decide this Cause by the Law of Retaliation: If Mr. *Headless* did the Colonel a good Office, the Colonel will by this means return it in kind; But If Mr. *Headless* should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his staff over his Shoulders, the Colonel might boast in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. *Headless's* Jacket, or (to use the Phrase of an ingenious Author) that he has rubbed him down with an Oaken Towel.

Benjamin Busy, of London, Merchant, was indicted by *Jasper Tattle*, Esq; for having pulled out his Watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire *Tattle* was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire *Tattle's* first Wife. The Prisoner alledged in his Defence, that he was going to buy Stocks at the time when he met the Prosecutor; and that, during the story of the Prosecutor, the said Stocks rose above two per Cent. to the great detriment of the Prisoner. The Prisoner further brought several Witnesses, that the said *Jasper Tattle* Esq; was a most notorious story-teller; that before he met the Prisoner, he had hindred one of the Prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawfull business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the Button of his Coat that very morning, till he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the Prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole

whole matter, Mr. *Bickerstaffs* dismissed the accusation, as frivolous, and sentenced the Prosecutor to pay damages to the Prisoner for what the Prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the Prosecutor very severely, and told him, that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a Fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said Fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir *Paul Swash*, Kt. was indicted by *Peter Double*, Gent. for not returning the Bow which he received of the said *Peter Double*, on *Wednesday* the sixth Instant, at the Play-house in the *Hay-market*. The Prisoner denied the receipt of any such Bow, and alledged in his defence, that the Prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said Prosecutor he would take no notice of it, or bow to some body else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alledged, that several Ladies had complained of the Prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsy to him, would not return the civility of a Bow. The Censor observing several glances of the Prosecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he looked upon the Jury, found reason to suspect that there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The Censor therefore ordered the Prisoner (that he might not produce any more confusions in publick Assemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliuer Bluff, and *Benjamin Browbeat*, were indicted for going to fight a Duel since the Erection of the Court of Honour. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the Court, in their way to the fields behind *Mountague's house*. The Criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a Challenge which had been made above a week before the Court of Honour was erected. The Censor finding some reasons to suspect (by the sturdiness of their behaviour) that they were not so very brave as they

they would have the Court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the Grand Jury, who found a Breast-plate upon the one, and two quirts of Paper upon the other. The Breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaff's tribunal, and the Paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his Clerk. He then ordered the Criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their Duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The Court then adjourned till after the Holydays.

Copia Vera,

Charles Lillie,

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

No. 267. Saturday, December 23. 1710.

*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Resinxit stellas, exoritur uti et horius sol.*

Duct.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I Have heard, that it is a rule among the Conventuals of several orders in the Romish Church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own Fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own Souls, in cancelling unrepented Crimes, and renewing their Contracts of Obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the Exercise of certain religious Duties, have been enjoined

joined in all civil Government, whatever Deity they worshipped, or whatever Religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several Duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our Church has accordingly instituted several Seasons of Devotion, when Time, Custom, Prescription, and (if I may so say) the Fashion it self, call upon a Man to be serious and attentive to the great end of his Being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the Greatest and Wisest of Men in all ages and countries, particularly in *Rome* and *Greece*, were renowned for their Piety and Virtue. It is now my intention to shew how those in our own Nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for Learning and Knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the Religion of their Country.

I might produce very shining Examples from among the Clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling empty Scribler, I shall shew, that all the Laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary Genius in their writings, and were the Glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with Immortality, and the prospect of future Rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful Submission to all the Doctrines of revealed Religion.

I shall in this Paper only instance Sir *Francis Bacon*, a Man who for the Greatness of Genius, and Compass of Knowledge, did Honour to his age and country; I could almost say to Humane Nature it self. He possessed at once all those extraordinary Talents which were divided amongst the greatest Authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive Knowledge of *Aristotle*, with all the beautiful Lights, Graces and Embellishments of *Cicero*. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of Reason, force of Style, or brightness of Imagination.

This

This Author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into Philosophy make a good Believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable Infidels as the little profligate Writers of the present age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to my self, not so much for their want of Faith as their want of Learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own composing, which, for the Elevation of thought, and Greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an Angel than of a Man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that Virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an Indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those Riches and Honours. which a long series of Merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great Mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him; we see him supported by the sense of his Integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the Prayer it self, with the title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's Papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my Reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer or Psalm made by My Lord Bacon,
Chancellor of *England*.

MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; Thou acknowledgest the Upright of heart; Thou judgest the Hypocrite; Thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measurdest their in-

intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy Servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy Assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy Sanctuary. This Vine, which thy Right Hand hath planted in this Nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee, that it might have the first and the latter Rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my Enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a Dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy Creatures have been my Books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in Courts, Fields and Gardens, but I have found Thee in thy Temples.

Thousands have been my Sins, and ten thousands my Transgressions, but thy Sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy Grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine Altar.

O Lord, my Strength! I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly Compassions, by thy comfortable Chastisements, and by thy most visible Providence. As thy Favours have increased upon me, so have thy Corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee. And now when I thought most of Peace and Honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard but as a Child. Just are thy Judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy Mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, Heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy Mercies. Besides
my

my innumerable Sins, I confess before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious Talent of thy Gifts and Graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to Exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mispent it in things for which I was least fit: So I may truly say, my Soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's Sake, and receive me unto thy Bosom, or guide me in thy Ways.



THE LOVER.

No. 10. *Thursday, March 18. 1714.*

Magis illa placent qua pluris amantur.

I Have lately been very much seized with the thought of Mrs. *Anne* *Perr*, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a *China* dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and *China*. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. *China* vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourscore shall be as busie in cleaning an *Indian* Mandarins, as her great-grand-daughter is in dressing her baby.

The

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of cloths for this brittle ware. The potters of *China* have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloths and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend *Tradewell* in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with *China*, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, says he, are above twenty suits of cloaths, and on that scrutore above a hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, stays and mantoes, went to the raising of that pyramid. The work of it is, says he, a suit of cloths is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dextrous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife. There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for *China*, namely, that it administers to them great matter of wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their servants wages in *China* fragments, which their carelessness has produced. If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider, says *Epicetus*, that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass. In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are Philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a *China* cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: First, That all *China* ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and Thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of

the first : the fragility of *China* is such as a reasonable Being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice ; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to the second particular.

It may chance that a piece of *China* may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous Souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I my self remember when there were few *China* vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of Coffee ; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a hoghead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape and size.

But, in the last place, *China* ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of *China* ? The furniture of a Lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd : you see Jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine sort of Porcelain, not to mention the several *Chinese* Ladies who,

per-

perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our *British* potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of Architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions to be employed in services of the family, besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

No. 39. Tuesday, May 25.

Nec parvum verbo curabis reddere fidus.

Interpres.

Hor.

SINCE I have given publick notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in love as well as my self.

Will. Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my advice. *Will.* is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the spleen: you may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and by a very curious interpretation of his Mistress's behaviour, has in less than three months

reduced

reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still sowers upon her hands. *Will.* is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will.* and makes him lie awake all night. — As I was going on with *Will. Wormwood's* amour, I received a present from my Bookseller, which I found to be *The Characters of Theophrastus*, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a chapter in it, intitled, *A discontented temper*, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him my self. It is as follows.

CHAP. XVII. *A Discontented Temper.*

“ A discontented temper, is a frame of mind which
 “ sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one
 “ of his neighbours who makes an entertainment, sends
 “ a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice,
 “ What, says he, your Master did not think me good enough
 “ to dine with him? He complains of his Mistress at the
 “ very time she is caressing him; and when she redou-
 “ bles her kisses and endearments, I wish, says he, all
 “ this came from your heart. In a dry season he grum-
 “ bles for want of rain, and when a shower falls, mut-
 “ ters to himself, Why could not this have come sooner?
 “ If he happens to find a purse of money, Had it been a
 “ pot of gold, says he, it would have been worth stooping
 “ for. He takes a great deal of pains to bear down the
 “ price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for
 “ him, I am sure, says he, Thou art good for nothing, or
 “ I should not have had thee so cheap. When a messenger
 “ comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is
 “ brought

“ brought to bed of a son, he answers, *That is as much*
 “ *as to say, Friend, I am poorer by half to day than I was*
 “ *yesterday.* Though he has gained a cause with full
 “ costs and damages, he complains that his Council did
 “ not insist upon the most material points. If after any
 “ misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a volun-
 “ tary contribution for him, and desire him to be mer-
 “ ry, *How is that possible,* says he, *when I am to pay every*
 “ *one of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the*
 “ *bargain.*

The instances of a discontented temper which *Theophrastus* has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse Reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose Author which has pleased me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the publick with it, has followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his Author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his Author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of *Theophrastus* is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one

another in both of them, may value himself upon being a faithful interpreter; but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his Author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in *Theophrastus* where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the *Sloven*. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The Reader will see with how much Delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

CHAP. XIX. A SLOVEN.

“ Slovenliness is such a neglect of a man’s person, as
 “ makes him offensive to other people. The sloven comes
 “ into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of
 “ long nails at the end of them, and tells you for an ex-
 “ cuse, that his father and grand father used to do so be-
 “ fore him. However, that he may out-go his fore-
 “ fathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own
 “ raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let
 “ you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well
 “ suited to one another. He lays about him at table af-
 “ ter a very extraordinary manner, and talks in a meal
 “ at a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without
 “ offending the company. In drinking he generally
 “ makes more haste than good speed. When he goes
 “ into the bath, you may easily find him out by the
 “ scent of his oyl, and distinguish him when he is dres-
 “ sed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon
 “ decency in conversation, but will walk in, though a
 “ priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a
 “ blunder in the most solemn offices of devotion, and
 “ afterwards falls laughing at it. At a concert of mu-
 “ sicks he breaks in upon the performance, hums over
 “ the tune to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the
 “ Musicians whether they will never have done. He al-
 “ ways

ways spits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him.

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my Lord Roscommon's,

*None yet have been with Admiration read,
But who (besides their Learning) were well-bred.*
Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated verse.

If after this the Reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in its worst light, he may see how it looks in the former *English* version, which was published some years since, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere*.

Nastiness or Slovenliness.

Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You will see him come into company when he is covered all over with a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails, and says, those distempers were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking oyl in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in sordid ragged cloths. If he goes with his mother to the southayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane expressions. When he is making his ob-

lations

"lations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of
 "his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some
 "brave exploit. At the finest consort of musick he can-
 "not forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude
 "noise; will pretend to sing along with them, and fall
 "a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he splits
 "full upon the servants who waited there."

I cannot close this paper without observing, That if
 Gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same
 pains upon some other *Greek* or *Roman* Author, that has
 been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused
 by our Booksellers, who let their hackney-writers at
 work for so much a sheet. The world would soon be con-
 vinced, that there is a great deal of difference between
 putting an Author into *English*, and *Translating* him.



At the first sight of the book, the reader is struck with the title, and the author's name, which is the first thing that strikes the eye.

THE WHIG-EXAMINER.

By the Author of the *Whig-Examiner*. In two Volumes. The first Volume contains the History of the Whigs, from the first Settlement of the English Monarchy, to the present Time. The second Volume contains the History of the Tories, from the same Period, to the present Time.

Na. 1. Thursday, September 14. 1710.

*Nosce te, hominem, fali facis, que future
Et serbare modum, rebus sublati secundis.
Turno tempus eris, magno cum aptaveris emptum
Instatum Pallanta; & cum spolia ista diemque
Oderis.*

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the Examiner. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner*: at least his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critic that has discovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor, than the Criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. Garth's Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the first: Did ever an advocate for a party open with such an unfortunate assertion? *The collective body of the Whigs have already engrossed our riches:*

Now in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
 You should resolve me, *Andam Sphinx*,
 What stranger creature yet is he,
 Who has four legs, then two, then three;
 Then loses one, then gets two more,
 And runs away at last on four.

The first part of this little mystical Riddle is an old riddle; which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himself the trouble of explaining it; but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? In this he follows, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years, and not according to *Boetian*, who gives another reason, why a man is said to be a creature, with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: What creature, says he, is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs? Were I disposed to be splenetick, I should ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles so wild, so childish, or so flat. But though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the Author has fallen his time out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with, than the Nile when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle mystery, what is this? Two legs late upon three legs, and hid one leg in her hand; in time four legs, and dashed away one leg he up started two legs, and flung them legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This Enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously with my Reader than the above-mentioned Enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a *Servant*, three legs is a joint stool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripod; as

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four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the Author's words:

*What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?*

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was proposed by Oedipus to the Sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the Sphinx had proposed to him. This Oedipus, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a King of Thebes, and bore a particular grudge to the Tre—— of that Kingdom, which made him so bitter upon H. L. in this Riddle.

*What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?*

By which he intimates, that this great man at first being weakly nature, as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen Jocasta's court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now also happened that the Treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, *Then loses one*—— Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

*What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?*

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I must confess has kept me awake for these three nights;

—— Then

*Then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.*

I at last thought the treasurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature consideration do find that the words (*Then gets two more*) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall therefore restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain it self.

Oedipus speaks:

*Now in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three,
Then loses one, then gains two more,
And rides away at last on four.*

I must now inform the Reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a British Statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it in an open boat; for to say of an Englishman in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the Magna Charta.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the Author for the future to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggerel, when he writes upon a known subject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Coriscus's* ladle was lost in one hole, and *Hans Carvel's* finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry ways that are in the secret.

ect. This is making darker satire than even *Persius* did. After this cursory view of the *Examiner's* performance, let us consider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of satire which he puts upon the Doctor's considering the Treasurer is several different views, & that which might fall upon any Poet or Whig, or any other writer who has diversity of thought and allusions, and tho' it may appear a pleasant sight to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with the *Examiner*, upon the praises of *passions being poised*, and of the *retrieving merit from dependence*, which are very beautiful and modest. It is the same cavilling spirit that finds fault with the expression of the *pomp of peace among the woes of war*, as well as of *offering unasked*. As for the Nile, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author should deprive us of those particular Similes for the future. The next Criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason but to mention Mr. *Buckstaffe*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little ones, that was blowing it full up to the size of an Ox.

Non sibi reperis, inquit, paperis.

The allusion to the victim may be a Gallimard in French polkicks, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true English spirit. And as for the *Examiner's* remarks on the word *stead* (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain it self) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon the line, *Ingratitude's a weed of every clime*. Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which *Dryden* only terms the growth,

growth, of every Crime. But, for God sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude?

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: and I do not question but the same, who has endeavored here to prove that he who wrote the *Dispensary* was no Poet, will very suddenly undertake to shew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

No. 2. Thursday, September 21. 1710.

Agades ambo

Ex cantate parit

Virg.

I never knew any Author, who had not his admirers, *Boswell* and *Quarles* have passed through several editions, and please as many Readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotson*. The *Examiner* had not written two half sheets of paper, before he met with one that was astonished at the *Force* he was master of, and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State subjects, as *encroaching on the provinces that belonged to him*, and treating of things that deserved to pass under his pen. The same humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furnish mankind with an *Antidote to the poison that is scattered through the nation*. This crying up of the *Examiner's* Antidote, puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of *Paris*. A little boy walked before him, publishing, with a shrill voice, *Mon pere guarit toutes sortes de maladies, My father cures all sorts of disorders*: To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai, The child says true*.

That the Reader may see what party the Author of this Letter is of, I shall shew how he speaks of the French King

King and the Duke of Anjou, and how of our greatest Allies, the Emperor of Germany and the States-General. In the mean while the French King has withdrawn his troops from Spain, and has put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The Duke of Anjou has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the Duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld. What expressions of tenderness, duty, and submission! The Panegyrick on the Duke of Anjou, is by much the best written part of this whole Letter; the Apology for the French King is indeed the same which the Post-boy has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great Prince. There are many strokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the Dutch and the Emperor, in several parts of this notable Epistle; I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expressed for the Ministry, by their humble applications to her Majesty, in these words.

Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be represented as inseparable from that of the Ministers.

Haud dubitant equidem impiorare quod usquam est;
Flectere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the Court of Vienna, are called in as confederates to the Ministry. This, in the mildest English it will bear, runs thus. They are resolved to look for help where ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it;

That

to the members of the Bank, the Duke, and the Court of France. The French King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning Englishman; but I am very much surprised to see the Bank, the Duke, and the Court of France in such company. We may still see this Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country: Speaking of the *G*—*l*, the *quondam T*—*r*, and the *J*—*l*, which every one knows comprehends the *Whigs*, in their utmost exactness, he adds, in opposition to them, *For the Queen and the whole body of the British nation*.

No Numerus sumus.

In English,

We are Cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the British nation, I leave to any one's judging; and wonder how an author can be so disrespectful to Her Majesty, as to separate Her in so fancy a manner from that part of her people, who according to the *Ex*—*l*, *have* *enjoyed* *the* *riches* *of* *the* *nation*, and altho' to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of *W*—*g*, that is, *W*—*g* *Queen* and *Tories* are cyphers. *No numerus sumus* is a scrap of Latin more impudent than Cardinal Woolsey's *Ego et Rex sumus*. We find the same phrase *W*—*g* used with great emphasis and significance in the eighth page of this Letter; *But nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of success, has been attempted, except that wise expedition to Thoulon, which was suffered to be defeated before it began.* Whoever did, God forgive them there were indeed several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we now shall consider his performance, under the three heads.

heads of War, Language, and Argument. The first part of his Satyr falls upon the Cause of Great Britain, who, says he, resembles the famous Censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished. Our Letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in Lucan, *The Gods espoused the cause of the conquerors; but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished.* The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of Cato the Censor, but of Cato of Utica. How Mr. Bickerstaffe, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger Cato, who was not a Roman Censor, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say therefore, that the Censor of Great-Britain resembles that famous Censor of Rome in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished; is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure poets and lesser historians that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of these new Revelations resembles the ancient Author of the Revelation in nothing but venturing his head. Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, for that he mistook one St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the Evangelist which relates to St. John the Baptist, who died many years before him?

Another smart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry, and instead of writing a Letter to the *Reader*, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: *Painting thy work with a bold which you are master of, the profane shall yet be moved; and expose to the public view that principle of art which, of late, it has been carried on so different from those upon which it was originally intended to.* Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to Mr. Bickerstaffe, and of this nature, and they will be a more than adequate answer to the weakness of a profane and unpolished way,

way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our English prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? and this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: *And when this is done, I shall blush in his grave among the dead. While among the living, and our Voltaire shall feel some remorse.* Was there ever any thing, I will not say so *just* and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! This is downright hacking and hewing in Satyr. But we see a masterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a Dutchess of Great Britain, a Princess of the Empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her Royal Mistress, he calls a great Lady *an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague*; and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon *Alecto*. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled, *An Essay towards proving, that gratitude is a virtue*. This Author is so full of Satyr, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the Queen's singing men, who it seems did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an Anthem; as you may see in that passage: *Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has been a round banquet, the Steward of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the Steward of S—— has deafned his audience from the pulpit.* Thus you see how like a true son of the High Church, he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preach-

ing with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some men as a Confessor; but if he rises above, and speaks not to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Sinner.

I promised in the next place to consider the language of this excellent Author, who I had taken himself for an Orator. In the first page he censures several for the passion which they professedly scatter through the nation; that is in plain English, for squandering away their money. In the second he talks of carrying probability through the thread of a fable; and in the third, of leaving an adieu to a man's dear. In the fourth he rises in his expressions, where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that the *G* — — —, the *quondam* *T* — — —, and the *J* — — —, are the only objects of the confidence of the *Al* — — —, and of the fears of the *enemies*. I would advise this Author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign Minister should address Her Majesty in the following manner, (for certainly it is Her Majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are the object of the confidence of the *Al* — — —; or, Madam, your Majesty is the only object of the fears of the *enemies*. Would a man think that he had learned English? I would have the Author try, by the same rule, some of his other phrases, as Page 7. where he tells us, That the ballance of power in Europe would be still precarious. What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his scales were precarious; and mean by it, that they were not fixed? In the thirteenth page he speaks of certain prodigious wretches, who having usurped the Royal Seat, refused to venture the overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it. A plain spoken man would have left the Chariot out of this sentence, and so have made it good English. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the Chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this Gentleman, in the next edition of his *Letters*, to change

change the *Charter* of Government into the *Charte* of Government, which will sound as well, and serve his aim much better. I could be longer on the *beams* of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this better writer very much excels. This is called by some an *Antithesis*, an instance of which we have in the tenth page, where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her. *That she has proved a friend to the Bank, a patron to Holland, and a gift to the whole world.* I never met with so sudden a dowfall in so promising a sentence; a gift to the whole world gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprised to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first we have quoted by Mr. Dryden:

*Not only London echoes with the name,
But all England has heard the same.*

The other are in French.

*On voit tout le monde en France
Parler de la gloire de la France.*

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature; as we may find in page the eleventh. *Manhood remains unmind, when a Queen possess'd of all the virtues reigns in bliss; a nation, or makes a private family happy, sit in the service.* Is this Panegyric or Burlesque? To see so glorious a Queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every good subject a fever of indignation, and looks like *Scylla's* character of the great Queen *Amirante*, who, says that *Atchory* was the Founder of *Babylon*, Conqueror of the *East*, and an excellent Housewife.

The third subject being the argumentative part of the Letter, I shall have on another occasion.

Thursday,

No. 3. Thursday, September 28. 1710.

*Non defensoribus istis**Tempus eget.*

Virg.

I Was once talking with an old hundredum fellow, and before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again, when he immediately reassumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, *but Sir, as I was telling you.* The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote*, who inserts several novels in his works, and after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. *Hudibras* has broke off the *Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle*. The *Tarler* has frequently interrupted the course of a *Legendation*, and taken up again after a fortnight's respite; as the *Examiner*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of the *Letter to the Examiner* to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a Letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity, which, without further explication, was introduced as follows.

Alcibiades was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up in the school of *Socrates*, and one of the best Orators of his age; notwithstanding he lived at a time when learning was at its highest pitch; he was likewise very famous for his military exploits, having gained great conquests over the *Lacedaemonians*, who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen against the great King of *Persia*, but were at that time in alliance with the *Persians*. He had been once fo-

for

“ far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his
 “ enemies, that the Priests cursed him. But, after
 “ the great services which he had done for his country,
 “ they publicly repealed their curses, and changed
 “ them into applauses and benedictions.

“ *Plutarch* tells us, in the life of Alcibiades, that one
 “ *Tauras*, an obscure man, contended with him for a
 “ certain prize, which was to be conferred by vote;
 “ at which time each of the competitors recommended
 “ himself to the *Athenians* by an oration. The Speech
 “ which *Alcibiades* made on that occasion, has been
 “ lately discovered among the Manuscripts of King’s
 “ College in *Cambridge*; and communicated to me by
 “ my learned friend Dr. B———, who tells me,
 “ that by a marginal note it appears, that this *Tauras*
 “ or, as the Doctor rather chooses to call him, *Tory*,
 “ was an *Athenian* Brewer. This speech I have transla-
 “ ted literally, changing very little in it, except where it
 “ was absolutely necessary to make it understood by an
 “ English Reader. It is as follows.

“ *Then, O ye Athenians!* that I, who have
 “ hitherto had none but *Generals* to oppose
 “ me, must now have an *artisan* for my antagonist?
 “ That I, who have overthrown the *Princes* of *Lar-
 “ des*, must now see my self in danger of being de-
 “ feated by a Brewer? What will the world say, of the
 “ Goddess that presides over you, should they suppose
 “ you follow her dictates? would they think she acted
 “ like herself, like the great *Minerva*? would they now
 “ say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or would
 “ they not rather say, she has a second time chosen
 “ *owls* for her favourites? But O ye men of *Athen*,
 “ what has this man done to deserve your voices? You
 “ say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore he shall
 “ brew for me. You say he is assiduous in his calling;
 “ and is he not grown rich by it? let him have your
 “ custom, but not your votes: you are now to cast your
 “ eyes on those who can detect the artificer of the com-
 “ mon enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in

Council,

" Council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not
 " avail my Competitor, that he has been tapping his li-
 " quors, while I have been spilling my blood; that he
 " has been gathering hops for you, while I have been
 " reaping lawrels. Have I not born the dust and heat
 " of the day, while he has been sweating at the furnace?
 " Behold these scars, behold this wound which still
 " bleeds in your service; what can I avenge them you of
 " this nature? What are his marks of honour? Has he
 " any other wound about him, except the accidental
 " scaldings of his wort, or bruises from the tub or bar-
 " rel? Let it not, O Whigs, let it not be said, that
 " your Generals have conquered themselves into your
 " displeasure, and lost your favour by gaining you vic-
 " tories. Shall those achievements that have redeemed
 " our British age from slavery, be undervalued by those
 " who feel the benefits of them? Shall those names that
 " have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be
 " diminished by a stain of obloquy and detraction? Will
 " not your posterity blush at their forefathers, when
 " they shall read in the annals of their country, that A-
 " lexander, in the year of his Olympiad, after having con-
 " quered the East, returned, and recovered by a single
 " encounter a prize against *Tamias* the Brewer?
 " The competition is dishonourable, the defeat would
 " be shameful. I shall not however slacken my endea-
 " vours for the security of my country. If she is un-
 " dergrated, she will *Arms*. On the contrary, as she
 " will stand more in need of defence, when she has so
 " degenerated a people, I will pursue my victories, till
 " factiousness is made out of your power to hurt
 " any your selves, and that you may be in safety even un-
 " der your present leaders. But oh! thou genius of A-
 " *thens*, whither art thou fled? Where is now the race
 " of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle of
 " *Marathon*, and fought upon the plains of *Mara-*
 " *thon*? Are you weary of conquering, or have you for-
 " gotten the oath which you took at *Agramor*, That
 " you would look upon the bounds of Attica to be those soils
 " which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley,
 " vines

grapes and olives. Consider your enemies the *Lacedæmonians*; did you ever hear that they preferred a Coffee-man to *Agamemnon*? No, though their Generals have been unfortunate, though they have lost several battles, though they have not been able to cope with the troops of *Athena*, which I have conducted; they are comforted and consoled, they celebrated and extolled by their fellow-citizens. Their Generals have been received with honour after their defeat, yours with ignominy after conquest. Are there not men of *Lycias*'s temper and character, who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great King of *Peria*, who have been again entering into a war with him, or for making a peace upon less conditions, that have grudged their contributions which have leav'd our country at the head of all the governments of *Greece*; that would dishonour those who have call'd her to such a pitch of glory; that would betray those liberties which you others in all ages have purchased or recovered with their blood; and would prosecute your fellow-citizens with all manner of outrages and injuries of law, you have shirk'd the common enemy, shall I trouble you no more. O ye men of *Athena*, you know my actions, let my antagonist relate what he has done for you. Let him produce his arms and tubs in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards which were employ'd against you, and which I have wrict out of the hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into the field of election upon his dray-cart, and if I gain finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to mount him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O ye Gods! let not the King of *Peria* laugh at the fall of *Alcibiades*. Let him not say, the *Athenians* have aveng'd me upon their own Generals; or let me be rather struck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian*, than disgrac'd by the voices of my fellow-citizens.

And thus I have said, and thus I have said. This day,

No. 4. Thursday, October 5, 1710.

Satis eloquentia, sapientia parum.

Non sense has defined nonsense (as *Caesar* does wit) by negation. Nonsense (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense; you may as well snuff an army that is buried in intricaments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold on it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well written piece of nonsense, than in the most obscure and profound tract of school-divinity.

After this short panegyrick upon nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader, as *Erasmus's Encomium of folly*; I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to carry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner*. I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute, to state the whole nature of nonsense, and because it is a

subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold phlegmatick temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper, et est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise; it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir Hercules Nonfence in the play called *the ass of fools*. In a word, your high nonsense has a majestic appearance and wears a most tremendous garb, like *Esop* as clothed in a lion's skin.

When *Aristotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his succession in his school, two of his scholars being Candidates for it, he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the style and writings of each of the Competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small-beer*.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonsense in every *Grub-street* production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. S. — in divinity, and the Author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers it self in the letter to the Examiner. ——— This is when an Author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not indeed at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which in some places he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of it: Nevertheless, as no body writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The System of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestick: As to the first, he tells us, that *the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous*; so that the Ministry is cleared as to that particular. These motives he tells us, *were to restore the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives, he says, was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.* So that the Ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. *The restoring the Spanish monarchy*

to the house of Austria, he tells us, *remains still in its full force, and we were told, says he, that though the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade of Britain and the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious. Spain therefore must be conquered.* He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: But what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to shew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the Spanish monarchy: *that the whole first of the war has been wasted, and that France is best able to keep us at bay; that the French King has made it impossible for himself to give up Spain, and that the Duke of Anjou has made it so impossible for us to conquer it: Nay, that instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the Duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the Grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.* He then intimates to us, that the Dutch and the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of Bourbon in the quiet possession of the Spanish Monarchy.

This strange bundle of poltricks has been so fully answered by General Stanhope, that if the Author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the French King or the Duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding the little care the Emperor takes to support King Charles, notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them, that victorious General at the head of English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the Emperor, has wrested Spain out of the hands of the house of Bourbon; and added the conquest of Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, to those of Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them

them rather like dreams than realities: They puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling Author of this Letter say, that the Ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of Spain, when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The Letter-writer says, that the Dutch *had gained a good barrier after the battle of Ramillies in the year 1706.* But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Brussels*, *Ghent* and *Bruges*, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great General on this side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. But, says the Letter-writer, *the fruits of the war were laid in the wrong place.* But if the fruits of the war in the Low Countries drew under the whole strength of France, if it weakened Spain, and left it exposed to an equal force; if France without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of Anjou with a numerous army, and if by the change of the situation, it could have sent ten or more regiments with as little trouble and expense as England could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the fruits of the war has been laid in the right place.

The Author in the confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that England has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us in a humour with our chief Allies, the Emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, *they hoped England would have taken care of, after having secured a barrier for Holland.* As if England were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for Holland; which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. Waller expresses it, our *outguard on the continent*; and which if it had fallen into the hands of the French, would have made France more strong by sea than all Europe besides. Has not England been taken care of by gaining a new mart in Flanders, by opening our trade into the Levant, by se-

curing ports for us in *Gibraltar*, *Minorca*, and *Naples*, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England* than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last Parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to our selves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this Author's aspersions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of state. Had he been looked upon as an insignificant scribler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest *Scotchman*, who as he was walking along the streets of *London*, heard one calling out after him *Scot, Scot*, and casting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language against that antipathion: *Sawny* turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprize, that the person who abused him was a lawcy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, were he a man as he was a green-goose, he would have run him through the wemb.

The next head our Politician goes upon, relates to our domestick affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at: All that I can gather from him is, that the *Queen* had grieved her subjects in making choice of such men for her Ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

Thursday

No. 5. Thursday, October 12. 1710.

Parere jam non scelus est.

WE live in a nation where at present there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politicks. The whole Island is peopled with Statesmen, and not unlike *Trinculo's* Kingdom of Vice-roys. Every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which as an Englishman, I lay in my claim to be a Politician; I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of Great Britain, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to *passive-obedience* and *non-resistance*. For I must observe, that the Advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: And we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with *anims contradi-cent* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. *Passive obedience* and *non-resistance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: They have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider

it

it with regard to the Prince as well as to the people: The question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our Prince; but whether the English form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our constitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical.

It is impossible to state the measures of *Obedience*, without ascertaining the extent of *Power*; or to describe the *subject*, without defining the *King*. An arbitrary Prince is in justice and equity the master of a non-resisting people; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Passive-obedience* and *non-resistance* are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the Will of a *Grand Signior* or a *Mogul*. The same power which those Princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controlled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our Prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, what dost thou?

If therefore we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our Sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the Englishman; but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: this, I say, is to confound governments, and to
join

join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of Non-resistance seen in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late Addresses. I would fain know what Free-holder in *England* would have subscribed the following Address, had it been offered to him; or whether Her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the sense of many Addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

Madam,

IT is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear a set of men daily preaching up among us, that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-preservation; and boldly affirming, as well in their publick writings, as in their private discourses, that it is lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your people to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked Prince shall make use of his Royal authority to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who under the reign of the best of Sovereigns, would avow such dangerous tenets as may secure them under the worst. We are resolved to beat down and discountenance these seditious notions, as being altogether republican, jesuitical, and conformable to the practice of our rebellious fore-fathers; who in all ages, at an infinite expence of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and properties, and consulted the good of their posterity
“ by

" by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great
 " trouble and disquiet of their lawful Prince. We do
 " therefore in the most humble and dutiful manner so-
 " lemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist
 " a Sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our *Magna*
 " *Charta*, or invade those rights and liberties which
 " those traitors procured for us; but will venture our
 " lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects
 " who think they may stand up in defence of them.

It happens very unluckily that there is something so
 supple and insinuating in this absurd unnatural doc-
 trine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear:
 for which reason the publishers of it have always been
 the favourites of weak Kings. Even those who have no
inclination to do hurt to others, says the famous Sary-
 rist, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleased.
 Honest men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect
 from them, and what obedience they shall be always
 ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with
 such base and abject flatterers; and are therefore always
 in danger of being the last in the Royal favour. Nor in-
 deed would that be unreasonable, if the professors of
 Non-resistance and Passive-obedience would stand to
 their principle: but instead of that, we see they never
 fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and
 to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of
 it. Did they not in the late Revolution rise up unani-
 mously with those who always declared their subjection
 to be conditional, and their obedience limited? and ve-
 ry lately, when their Queen had offended them in no-
 thing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts
 of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves
 by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-
 subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek
 and resigned principles? Did not the *Church-Memorial*,
 which they all applauded and cried up as the language
 and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would
 not be safe for Her to rely upon their doctrines of Pas-
 sive-obedience and Non-resistance, for that *nature*
 might

might rebel against principles? Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise Non-resistance to a Prince that pleases them, and Passive-obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the Prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls scratching his head, and tells him, Why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, *but it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's master*. This is in effect the language of the Church in the above-mentioned Memorial. Men of these soft peaceable dispositions in times of prosperity, put me in mind of *Kirke's Lambs*; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of *Thales the wise Milesian*, *That of all wild beasts a tyrant is the worst, and of all tame beasts a flatterer*. They do indeed naturally begot one another, and always exist together. Persuade a Prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no less destructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the

the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a proceeding? It is too fresh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine; and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings; he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King James's reign the Quakers presented an Address, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of those times. But notwithstanding the uncourtness of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The Address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counter-part to the foregoing one.

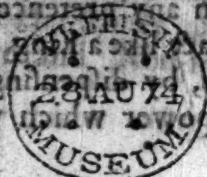
These are to testify to thee our sorrow for our friend Charles, whom we hope thou wilt follow in every thing that is good.

We hear that thou art not of the religion of the Island any more than we, and therefore may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us the same liberty that thou takest thyself.

We hope that in this and all things else thou wilt promote the good of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long and prosperous.

Had all King James's subjects addressed him with the same sincerity, he had, in all probability, sat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

This correspondence of the doctrine I have been speaking of is very often a trial one to the people; therefore another which is no less decisive to the Prince. The unfortunate King very visibly owed his ruin to his interest upon the hearts of his people; that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever and accordingly began to a King who was not the restraint of law. By listening with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the



[The page contains faint, illegible markings and bleed-through from the reverse side.]

The first of these is the fact that the
 people of the world are not of the same
 race, color, or religion. This is a
 fact which we must recognize and
 accept. It is a fact which we must
 accept and which we must accept.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in a columnar fashion. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list includes names such as "John Smith", "Mary Jones", and "Robert Brown", along with their respective addresses.